

The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—*Goethe*.

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[Registered for Transmission Abroad.]

VOL. 46—No. 28.

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1868.

Price { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), JULY 11th, will be performed Gounod's Opera,
"FAUST."

The Scenery by Mr. WILLIAM BEYRELEY.

Faust, Signor Ferencs; Valentin, Mr. Santley; Mephistopheles, Signor Gassier;
Wagner, Signor Casaboni; Siebel, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Martha, Mdlle.
Corsi; and Margherita, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

CONDUCTOR—SIGNOR ARDITI. ORGANIST—MR. PITMAN.

NOTICE.—The new electric organ (by the Messrs. Bryceson, organ builders,
London) will be used on this occasion.

Commence at Half-past Eight o'clock.

Stalls, One Guinea; Amphitheatre Stalls, 7s. and 5s.; Reserved Box Seats, 10s.
6d.; Gallery, 2s. 6d.

Boxes, Stalls, and Places may be obtained at the new Box-office, Her Majesty's
Theatre, next Pall Mall, open under the superintendence of Mr. Nugent from Ten
till Five; also at the Box-office, Theatre-Royal, Drury Lane, under the Front
Portico; and at the principal Librarians' and Musicsellers'.

LAST WEEK OF THE SUBSCRIPTION SEASON.

Benefit of Signor Mongini.

MONDAY NEXT, July 13th (last time), Verdi's Opera, "IL TROVATORE,"
Titiens, Trebelli-Bettini; Santley, Foll, Mongini.

Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

TUESDAY NEXT, July 14th (last time), Donizetti's Opera, "LUCIA DI
LAMMERMOOR." Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, Mdlle. Corsi; Signori Mongini,
Santley, Fiorini, Agretti, Casaboni.

MR. MAPLESON'S BENEFIT, at the CRYSTAL PALACE, on WEDNESDAY
NEXT, July 15th, supported by the whole strength of Her Majesty's Opera.

Titiens, Nilsson, Kellogg.

THURSDAY NEXT, July 16th, Mozart's Opera, "IL DON GIOVANNI."

SATURDAY, July 18th, production of "IL FLAUTO MAGICO."

MDLLE. TITIENS will appear as LEONORA in
"Il Trovatore," on MONDAY NEXT—HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

MDLLE. CHRISTINE NILSSON as MARGHERITA
in "Faust," THIS EVENING; and as LUCIA on TUESDAY NEXT—
HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

MR. MAPLESON'S BENEFIT, at the CRYSTAL
PALACE, on WEDNESDAY, JULY 15th, supported by the whole strength
of Her Majesty's Opera.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.
EXTRA CONCERT FRIDAY EVENING, July 11th.—Conductor, Mr. W. G.
CUNNINGHAM.—Symphonies (Italian) (Mendelssohn), "Jupiter" (Mozart); "Over-
tures," "Paradise and Peri" (Bennett), "Jubilee" (Weber); Concerto in G, Piano-
forte, Mr. CHARLES HALL (Beethoven). **M**DLLE. TITIENS will sing "Ocean"
(Weber). **M**DLLE. CHRISTINE NILSSON will sing "Ah perfido" (Beethoven),
and "Sull' aria," with Mdlle. Titiens. Mr. SANTLEY will sing "O voi deli
Erebo" (Handel), etc.—Stalls, 15s.; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Tickets, 5s. and 2s. 6d.
L. Cock, Addison, & Co., 63, New Bond Street; Chappell, Mitchell, R. Olivier;
Kell, Frowse, & Co., Chapside; and Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

MDLLE. ANNETTA ZULIANI (of the Italian Opera,
Bologna), has the honour to announce that her FIRST EVENING CON-
CERT will take place on MONDAY EVENING, 13th July, 1868, at the BATHING ROOMS, 27,
Harley Street. To commence at Half-past Eight o'clock precisely. She will be
assisted by the following eminent artists:—Vocalists: Mdlle. Mela, Fraulin
Augusta Mehhorn, and Mdlle. Zuliani; Signor Caravoglia, Mr. Stanton, and Mr.
Chaplin Henry. Instrumentalists: Harp, Mr. Aptommas; Pianoforte, Signor Tito
Mattei and Herr W. Ganz. Conductors: Herr W. Ganz, Signor Piloti, and Signor
Mela. The Grand Pianoforte by J. and J. Hopkinson. Reserved Seats, numbered,
Half-a-Guinea; Unreserved, 5s. Tickets may be had of Mdlle. Zuliani, at her
residence, 62, St. Mary's Terrace, Malda Hill.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT-GARDEN.

Mdlle. Adelina Patti, Signor Mario.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), JULY 11th, Rossini's Opera,

"IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA."

Mdlle. Adelina Patti; Signori Cotogni, Ciampi, Tagliafico, and Mario.

Conductor - - - - - Mr. COSTA.

LAST WEEK BUT ONE OF THE SEASON.

Extra Night.

On MONDAY next, July 13 (for the last time this season), Meyerbeer's grand
Opera, "L'AFRICAIN."

On TUESDAY NEXT, July 14th (last time this season), Gounod's Opera,
"ROMEO E GIULIETTA."

Extra Night.

On WEDNESDAY NEXT, July 15th (last time this season), Verdi's Opera,
"RIGOLETTO." After which will be given the grand Cloister Scene from
"ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO," including the Ballet and Resuscitation of the Nuns.

Extra Night.

On THURSDAY NEXT, July 16th (last time this season), Bellini's Opera, "LA
SONNAMBULA."

Extra Night.

On FRIDAY NEXT, July 17th (last time this season) Gounod's Opera, FAUST E
MARGHERITA.

On SATURDAY, July 18, a Favourite Opera.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY (SATURDAY).—

GREAT FETE and REVELS OF DRAMATIC COLLEGE. Doors of
Palace open at 10. The revels will commence by proclamation about 12 o'clock, and
will be continued until dusk.

Full particulars are too lengthy for insertion in advertisements, but Programmes
of the Entertainments, Dramatic performances, with names of ladies holding stalls,
&c., may be had by purchasers of tickets at the Palace and 2, Exeter Hall.
Admission, 5s.; or by Guinea Season Ticket.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—NEXT WEDNESDAY.—

MR. MAPLESON'S BENEFIT, under the immediate patronage of
His Royal Highness the Prince of WALES,
Her Royal Highness the Princess of WALES,
His Royal Highness the Duke of EDINBURGH,
Her Royal Highness the Duchess of CAMBRIDGE,
Her Royal Highness the Princess MARY ADELAIDE,
The Prince TECK, &c.

MR. MAPLESON has the honour to announce that his BENEFIT will take place
at the CRYSTAL PALACE on WEDNESDAY NEXT, July 15th, on which
occasion will be presented an extraordinary combination of attractions.

Grand Concert at Four o'clock, supported by the following artists:—Mdlle.
Titiens, Mdlle. Clara Louise Kellogg, Mdlle. Sinico, Mdlle. Corsi, Mdlle. Rose
Hersee, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Mdlle. Bauermeister, and Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.
Signor Mongini, Signor Ferencs, Signor Benini, Signor Agretti, Mr. Lyall, Signor
Gassier, Signor Zeboli, Signor Bossi, Signor Casaboni, Signor Foll, Signor Fiorini,
and Mr. Santley.

Director of the Music, Composer, and Conductor, Signor Arditi. Maestro Con-
tatore al Piano, Signor Beignani. Chorus Master, Signor Santi.

The Military Band will be that of the Grenadier Guards, under the direction of Mr.
D. Godfrey. The Magnificent Orchestra and Chorus of Her Majesty's Opera.

Display of the whole system of Great Fountains at 6.30. Military Bands on
grounds at Seven until Eight.

Operatic representation at 8.30, with scenery, costumes, decorations, and appoint-
ments, of Mozart's opera, "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO." Il Conte d'Almaviva, Mr.
Santley; Figaro, Signor Gassier; Bartolo, Signor Foll; Basilio, Mr. Lyall; Don
Curzio, Signor Agretti; Antonio, Signor Zeboli; Marcelina, Mdlle. Corsi; Cheru-
bino, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson; Susanna, Mdlle. Clara Louise Kellogg; and La
Contessa, Mdlle. Titiens. Conductor, Signor Arditi. The Minuet and Fandango in
the Ball-scene will be danced by Mdlle. Gosselin, supported by Mdlle. Brun and the
corps de ballet of Her Majesty's Opera. Stage Manager, Mr. Edward Stirling.
Reusseau, Mr. Guss. Suggestore, Signor Riap.

The Palace and grounds will be BRILLIANTLY ILLUMINATED, exhibiting
many novel and remarkable effects. The termination of this great combined fete
will be distinguished by an unequalled display of GRAND FIREWORKS.

The prices of admission will be as follows:—On the day, 7s. 6d.; Tickets purchased
before the day, 5s.; Season Tickets on payment of 2s. 6d. Stalls for the Grand
Concert and Opera, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats for Grand Concert and Opera, 6s.

Handel Orchestra—Numbered Seats, 5s.; Unnumbered Seats, 2s. 6d.; Reserved
Seats for Fireworks, 2s. 6d.; Unreserved Seats, 1s.

Tickets and places may be secured at the new Box-office of Her Majesty's Theatre,
under the Colonnade (two doors from Pall Mall), open from Ten o'clock till Five
daily, under the superintendence of Mr. Nugent.

Tickets also at the offices of Her Majesty's Opera, Theatre Royal, Drury Lane,
under the front portico; also at 2, Exeter Hall, Crystal Palace, and at the Agents
described above.

MISS BESSIE EMMETT (Soprano). All communications respecting engagements with his Pupil, Miss BESSIE EMMETT, to be addressed to Mr. J. TENIMILLI CALKIN, 12, Oakley Square, N.W.

REMOVAL.

MR. W. H. CUMMINGS begs to announce his REMOVAL from Forest Hill to No. 1, BRACKLEY VILLAS, THURLOW PARK ROAD, DULWICH.

MR. LANSDOWNE COTTELL'S THIRD and LAST MORNING CONCERT for the introduction of his Singing and Piano Pupils will take place on WEDNESDAY, the 22nd of July, at Three o'clock precisely, on which occasion he will introduce in his Programme Twenty Pupils. Signor Caravoglia and other eminent artists will appear. Conductor—Herr Lehmeier. For all information apply to Mr. Lansdowne Cottell, Norfolk House, Norfolk Road, Bayswater.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—In consequence of the sudden withdrawal of all pecuniary aid from Her Majesty's Government, it has been resolved by the Special Committee appointed at a General Meeting of the Directors, Subscribers, and Professors of the Institution, on the 2nd of May, to make an appeal to the general public, with a view to raise an adequate fund for the future provision of the Institution. A SPECIAL SUBSCRIPTION LIST has therefore been opened at the LONDON AND COUNTY BANK, Hanover Square; and the names of those who are willing to become contributors, either as annual subscribers or as donors, will be received and duly acknowledged by the Members of the Committee, as well as by the Secretary; by whom also copies of the *Special Report*, issued by the Committee, will be forwarded on application.

By Order,
ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
Tenterden Street, Hanover Square.

C. A. BARRY,
Secretary to the Special Committee.

OPERATIC SINGING CLASSES for Training Pupils (Ladies and Gentlemen) for the Lyric Stage are held twice a week, under the direction of Maestro CATALANI, who is making preparation for the formation of an Opera Company.—Particulars of Maestro CATALANI, at his residence, 59, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square.

A LADY residing in the West Riding of Yorkshire is about to RETIRE from her Professional Duties as TEACHER of MUSIC and SINGING, and is prepared to introduce to her Connection (which for many years has yielded an Income of £400 per annum) a Lady qualified to become her successor. Full particulars and amount of Goodwill required may be learnt from CHARLES OLLIVIER, Esq., of Bradford, to whom all communications may be addressed.

**BRIGHTON CONCERT AGENTS,
PIANOFORTE AND MUSICSELLERS,
LYON & HALL,
WARWICK MANSION.**

Just Published,
**THREE SONGS FOR BARITONE OR MEZZO-SOPRANO,
By F. C. A. RUDALL.**

Gaily over the bounding sea.	Barcarolle	s. d.
My sunny Gascon shore	3 6	
Serenade	3 6	

London: WILLIAM CZERNY, 51, Regent Street, W.

**MADAME CZERNY,
Soprano.**

ALL APPLICATIONS RELATING TO
CONCERT ENGAGEMENTS AND LESSONS
TO BE ADDRESSED TO
51, REGENT STREET, W.

MISS BERRY-GREENING begs to announce that she is now in Town for the Season, and that she has resumed her Private Lessons and Classes as usual. Letters relative to Concert Engagements, Private Parties, Lessons, etc., should be addressed care of Messrs. CHAPPELL, 50, New Bond Street, W.

MISS CLINTON FYNES requests that all communications respecting Concerts, Pianoforte Lessons, etc., be addressed to her, 27, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MADAME WEISS has the honour of announcing to her friends and the public that she has resumed her Professional Duties, and is in town for the Season.—St. George's Villa, Gloucester Road, Regent's Park.

MR. W. H. TILLA (*Primo Tenore*) has just returned from Italy, and is open to Engagements for Opera, Concerts, Oratorios, and Provincial Tours. Address care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street.

MR. CHARLES STANTON (Tenor) is open to Engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, &c. Address—12, Porchester Place, Oxford Square, Hyde Park.

SCHIRA'S Vocal Waltz, "IL BALLO," Valse Brillante, for Voice and Piano, composed expressly for and dedicated to Mdlle. Liebhart by F. SCHIRA, is published, price 4s., by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

The above charming Waltz has been sung by the most popular sopranos of the day.

MR. SANTLEY'S Great Song, "WHEN MY THIRSTY SOUL I STEEP," composed expressly for him by Mr. BENEDICT, and sung with distinguished success at the Hereford and Birmingham Festivals, is published, price 4s., by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"ALL AMONG THE SUMMER ROSES." The popular Ballad in VIRGINIA GABRIEL'S Operetta, "A Rainy Day," is published, price 3s., by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

The Operetta complete for Voice and Piano, 15s.; and the Libretto, 6d.

"BELINDA." Mazurka de Salon pour Piano, par ERNESTO CATALANI, price 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,

"THINK ON ME" ("Go where the water glideth"). Song, the words by an old poet, the music by HENRY BAKER (composer of "The Stepping Stones"), price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"LOVE ME, BELOVED."

HERR REICHARDT'S New Song, "LOVE ME, BELOVED" (composed and sung by Herr REICHARDT), is published, price 4s., by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"DON CARLOS."

THE VOCAL MUSIC and the ARRANGEMENTS for the PIANOFORTE of Verdi's "DON CARLOS," are ON SALE at DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, W.

"LE PREMIER JOUR DE BONHEUR."

THE VOCAL MUSIC and the ARRANGEMENTS for the PIANOFORTE of AUBER'S New Opera are ON SALE at DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street.

"HAMLET."

THE VOCAL MUSIC and PIANOFORTE ARRANGEMENTS of AMBROSIO THOMAS'S New Opera, "HAMLET," are ON SALE at DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street.

PLAYED BY THE BANDS OF THE LIFE GUARDS AND THE
ROYAL HORSE GUARDS.

Just Published,

**NORD-DEUTSCHER-BUNDES-MARSCH,
FOR THE PIANOFORTE.**

DEDICATED TO THE KING OF PRUSSIA

By **HERMANN EISOLDT.**

Price 4s. Solo, and 4s. 6d. Duet.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

VALE IMPROMPTU,

POUR LE PIANOFORTE.

Par **CHARLES FOWLER.**

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"A KISS FOR YOUR THOUGHT,"

BALLAD.

Poetry by W. C. BENNETT.

The Music by **LUIGI ARDITI.**

Price 4s.

"To Mdlle. Sinico was entrusted a new song, composed by Signor Ardit, entitled 'A Kiss for your Thought.' It is in the composer's best style, having a flowing, piquant, and taking melody, in which blitheness of song and archness of expression can be admirably blended by a singer even of moderate attainments. Mdlle. Sinico interpreted it with choice brilliancy, and the audience would not be satisfied till she sang it over again. This new 'Kiss' will, we opine, soon become as popular and esteemed as 'Il Ballo.'"—*Brighton Guardian*.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Although not one of the promised "novelties" has made its appearance since our last report of the doings at this theatre, the performances have been varied and attractive. The revival of Meyerbeer's *Africaine*, the opera with which one of the most gifted of dramatic composers gloriously closed a glorious career, needs scarcely more than a record of the fact. Its gorgeous music, its gorgeous scenery, its imposing and admirably contrived stage arrangements, are all familiar to our opera-going readers. Nor is there any important difference to note in the cast. The Vasco di Gama was again the Vasco di Gama of Meyerbeer's own choice—Signor Naudin, one of the most useful and versatile singers who have served under Mr. Gye since his long and honourable management; the Inez was again our accomplished English artist, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington; once more, in Signor Graziani, we had a Nelusko remarkable for extraordinary histrionic vigour, if not for extraordinary histrionic power; and, last and best, passing over the subordinate characters, in Mdle. Pauline Lucca we had the most poetical and interesting of all possible Selikas. But another word about the *Africaine* would be supererogatory. The cordial reception awarded to its first performance for this season made it all the more provoking that the first performance was destined to be very nearly the last. The approaching departure of the representative of its chief character rendered this inevitable; and it is only the other night that Mdle. Lucca took leave of her English admirers in a series of entertainments announced for her "benefit." The programme on this occasion included the second act of *Fra Diavolo*—the Bedroom-scene (preceded by a brilliant performance of the overture); the third act of *Faust e Margherita*—the Garden-scene; the fourth act of the *Africaine*—the scene of the nuptials between the "sable Queen of Ind" and the adventurous "white" who had conducted her as a willing slave to his home in Europe. In each of these successively—as Zerlina, Margherita, and Selika—Mdle. Lucca exhibited in the most favourable light all those piquant characteristics which confer a marked individuality upon her impersonations, singing and acting her very best, as though to cause the audience the more deeply to regret her loss. Never were the efforts to please of a great public favourite more heartily appreciated.

The revival of Donizetti's most popular French opera, which, under its Italian title of *La Figlia del Reggimento*, has also for nearly a quarter of a century been one of the most popular of Italian operas, could hardly have been unwelcome, with such a sprightly and engaging representative of the dashing and, at the same time not altogether unsentimental, Vivandière as Mdle. Adelina Patti. From the martial air, "Ciascun lo dice," that glowing apostrophe to the gallant "Twenty-first," of which Maria is the universal pet and daughter, to the plaintive "Convien partir," where an unexpected and unwished for turn of fortune compels Maria to take leave of her beloved regiment, and her more beloved Tonio (Act 1)—and from the highly diverting Lesson-scene, in which, associated with Sergeant Sulpizio, the quondam Vivandière, out of humour with her new life and forcibly sedate manners, ridicules the stately "Marchioness of Berkenfeld," to the end, where, in place of the original *finale*, she interpolates a mazurka, full of lively tune, from Prince Poniatowski's comic opera, *Don Desiderio* (Act 2), Mdle. Patti is simply perfect. Her associates are Signor Fancelli (Tonio), Madame Tagliafico (the Marchioness), and Signor Ciampi (Sulpizio). The *mise-en-scène* of the *Figlia*, including the military evolutions of the greatly extolled "regiment," forms one of those triumphs of stage contrivance to which Mr. A. Harris has for many years accustomed the frequenters of the Royal Italian Opera.

So much was written at the end of last season about M. Gounod's *Romeo e Giulietta* that it would almost suffice to record the mere fact of its revival, with, in all essential particulars, the same cast as before. Our opinion of the music remains unchanged. It contains some of the most charming passages to be met with in any of the operas of its author; and, though we may decline to accept as canonical the principles that guided him in composing it, we are not the less ready to admit the conscientious care and ability with which the plan has been carried out. But what must always make *Romeo e Giulietta* interesting to a London audience is the incomparable assumption of the character of the heroine by Mdle. Adelina Patti. It is difficult to believe that the artist who, a few

nights previous, had so completely fulfilled every requirement for the adequate impersonation of a genuine comic part like Maria, should be the same who now represented one of Shakspeare's most beautiful serious characters as no Shaksperian actor within the memory of the present generation has been able to do—and this bearing in mind the liberty taken by M. Gounod and his librettists in making Juliet at the outset appear as she never appears in the play upon which the opera is built, and furnishing her with a tripping air, in waltz measure, to which it is impossible to imagine Juliet, under any circumstances, giving utterance. True, Mdle. Patti executes this waltz in such perfection that we feel by no means inclined to quarrel with it; while the audience are so greatly pleased that they insist upon its being sung twice. About the Romeo of Signor Mario, the Mercutio of Signor Cotogni, the Friar of Signor Bagagiolo, and the Capulet of M. Petit, we have nothing new to say. The little part of Stephano (Romeo's page), formerly sustained by Mdle. Nau, is now assigned to Mdle. Locatelli. A more picturesque "spectacle" than *Romeo e Giulietta* has not been witnessed, even on the stage of the Royal Italian Opera.

A new tragic soprano, Madame Rey-Balla, and a new tenor, Signor Chelli, have both been added to Mr. Gye's company. The former, a lady who enjoys a high reputation in Spain and some parts of France, but whose voice does not seem to be in the very best condition, has appeared as Valentine in the *Huguenots*, and as the heroine of *Faust e Margherita*, producing a much more favourable impression in the last-named opera than in the first. At the same time, highly as we thought of many passages in Madame Rey-Balla's Margherita, we prefer waiting other opportunities before delivering a final opinion as to her claims. Signor Chelli was so nervous on the occasion of his first appearance (as the Duke in *Rigoletto*) that at present we are unable to say more than that, with a prepossessing appearance, he is evidently young and inexperienced. We may add that Madame Vanzini has very materially advanced her position by her performance of the character of Gilda, in Verdi's opera; while Signor Bagagiolo has equally advanced his by the assumption of Marcel, in that of Meyerbeer.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

Mr. Mapleson's promised novelties seem to be in much the same case as Mr. Gye's; but in compensation he has held forth unflinching attractions in the performances of Mdle. Christine Nilsson, and in operas, like *Don Giovanni* and *Le Nozze di Figaro*, where Mdle. Nilsson is associated with the other "first ladies" of the company—Mdlles. Tietjens and Clara Louise Kellogg. These operas, like *Lucia*, to which Mdle. Nilsson may be said to owe her most brilliant success this year, have continually kept the bills. A new bass, Signor Fiorini, and a new tenor, Signor Ferensi, have both appeared—the former as Leporello, in *Don Giovanni*, the latter as Raoul de Nangis, in the *Huguenots*, but with no such mark as to justify us in believing them destined to maintain a permanent position. Signor Fiorini has since descended from Marcel to "Bide-the-Bent;" while Signor Ferensi has abandoned the part of Raoul to Signor Mongini, its legitimate possessor—Signor Foli playing Marcel, in lieu of Signor Rokitanaki, whose engagement has expired.

Meanwhile Mdle. Kellogg has won a new and well-merited success by her spirited impersonation of Maria, in *La Figlia del Reggimento*. Like all that the gifted and clever young American has hitherto attempted in England, her Vivandière shows intelligence of the keenest, combined with an evidently careful study, both of the musical and dramatic requirements of the part. She exhibits as much spirit in "Ciascun lo dice" as genuine tenderness in "Convien partir," and beats the drum in the "Rataplan" as if she had been used to nothing else all her life. The Lesson-scene is acted and sung with a vivacity and genial humour rarely surpassed. At the end of the opera, in place of the original *finale*, Mdle. Kellogg substitutes the animated "Kellogg Waltz," written expressly for her by Signor Ardit. Her companions in *La Figlia* are Signor Bettini—Tonio; Signor Gassier—Sulpizio; and Madame Demeric-Lablache—the Marchioness, without exception the best we can remember.

The first performance of M. Gounod's *Faust* was welcome, as affording an opportunity of once again seeing and hearing Mdle.

Nilsson in a character for which both nature and art have peculiarly fitted her. She looks the pensive heroine of Goethe just as well as she looks the no less pensive heroine of Scott's border romance, acts the part after a charming conception of her own, to the life, and sings the music with a feeling and refinement that would satisfy M. Gounod himself, difficult as he is to satisfy. To add another word would be superfluous; and, indeed, the subject of *Faust* is so utterly worn that we are really at a loss for a new phrase to apply to it. With, however, such a Margaret as Mdlle. Nilsson at hand, neither the drama nor the music can be without attraction. Then, although we are unable to say much in praise of Signor Ferensì, the new *Faust*, we have, as of old, nothing but unqualified approval for the Valentine of Mr. Santley, the Siebel of Madame Trebelli-Bettini, and the Mephistopheles of Signor Gassier. The orchestra and chorus, too, in M. Gounod's opera are perfect; and high credit is due to Signor Arditi, who, in the production of this, besides some fourteen or fifteen other works since the destruction of Her Majesty's Theatre, has so triumphantly battled against time and adverse circumstances.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The concert on Monday night was honoured by the presence of their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, who, accompanied by the Princess Louis of Hesse, the Prince of Hesse, Princess Leiningen, Princess Louise, Lady Caroline Barrington, Baroness de Grancy, Lord Alfred Paget, and Dr. Holzman, arrived just after the first vocal piece ("Il mio tesoro") was concluded. Immediately upon their arrival the audience, one of the most crowded ever assembled in the Hanover Square Rooms, stood up, and the band played the National Anthem. As usual on these exceptional occasions, we subjoin the programme:—

PART I.

Symphony in C ("La danse des ours")	Haydn.
Aria, "Il mio tesoro" ("Don Giovanni")	Mozart.
Concerto for Violin (first time of performance in England)	Max Bruch.
Romance, "Va, dit-elle" ("Robert le Diable")	Meyerbeer.
New Overture (MS.), "La selva incantata"	Benedict.

PART II.

Symphony in F (No. 8.)	Beethoven.
Cavatina, "Or, la sull' onda" ("Il Giuramento")	Mercadante.
Concerto (No. 2) in D minor—Pianoforte	Mendelssohn.
Chanson des Djins, "Le premier jour de Bonheur"	Auber.
Swedish Song.	
Overture, composed for the Exhibition of 1862	Auber.

Haydn's ever green symphony was admirably played throughout, more especially the last movement, fantastically entitled—why, it is not easy at this period to guess—"La danse des ours." Signor Bettini, too, gave "Il mio tesoro" so well that it was a pity it came too soon for the most distinguished patrons of the concert to appreciate it. The new violin concerto of Herr Max Bruch (a composer who set to music the opera of *Lorelei*—begun by Mendelssohn) is full of pretension, but almost destitute of interest. Recommended as it was, however, by the splendid and highly-finished playing of Herr Ludwig Straus, and in the actual dearth of good music for the violin, it at least merited a hearing. Mdlle. Nilsson sang the expressive romance from Meyerbeer's *Robert* in a style that at times recalled the "Jenny Lind" of twenty years ago. Voice, feeling, and execution were alike perfect. A more spirited ending to the first part of the concert than Mr. Benedict's overture, *La Selva Incantata*, could not have been desired. This composition is well worthy the untiring and experienced pen from which it came. A sort of "hunting-piece," as its general character suggests, it is, nevertheless, fresh, vigorous, and full of new turns of thought—which, for a hunting-piece, nowadays, remembering how many such pieces have been written since *La Chasse du jeune Henri* of Méhul, the earliest orchestral type, is saying no little. That the form of the new overture is symmetrical, and its arrangement for the orchestra masterly, will easily be credited. Written expressly for the Philharmonic Society, we may hope soon to hear of it again. Such a work is too good to be played once in public and then consigned to the shelf.

Of Beethoven's most melodious symphony it is unnecessary to say more than that it was remarkably well performed; that the times

of each movement were taken by Mr. Cusins with a nicety of judgment not to be over-praised; and that in the trio of the minuet the violoncello accompaniment was in accordance with Beethoven's original, though not always scrupulously-respected design. Madame Trebelli-Bettini gave the monotonous air from Mercadante's heaviest opera superbly, and was admirably supported in the conspicuous accompaniment allotted to the first flute (M. Svensden, if we are not mistaken). About Herr Lubeck's reading and execution of Mendelssohn's second and most trying pianoforte concerto we should be too happy to speak in terms of praise; but as we cannot do so conscientiously, we must be content to say that what was wanting in finish was made up for in vigour. The last two airs of Mdlle. Nilsson were, in their style, quite as attractive and charming as the romance of Meyerbeer in Part I.—the delightfully quaint and melodious "chanson" from Auber's last opera, which Mdlle. Nilsson sang with the utmost perfection of grace and sentiment, more especially. The tuneful and brilliant *Exhibition* overture of Auber brought the concert to an end with éclat.

The Royal party then retired, while the orchestra again played the National Anthem. It should be stated that his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh had already taken his leave at the end of the first part.

MENDELSSOHN'S "SONGS WITHOUT WORDS."

(From the "Queen," July 4th.)

The three remarkable pianoforte recitals given in St. James's Hall by Madame Arabella Goddard have proved inconceivably that performances with a purpose are gaining ground in the musical metropolis. With due deference to the modest harpist who recently advertized that he alone was capable of entertaining singly for a couple of hours any auditory, there are but two instruments which really can be listened to for any length of time without relief, and these are the organ and the pianoforte; but even with these there must be a reservation that the players thereof are of the first force. Nothing, indeed, but the possession of powers quite exceptional can justify any artist in attempting to monopolize attention in a single sitting; and it is from the forgetfulness of many pianists how difficult it is to enlist sympathy or command admiration that recitals have been raining too profusely, until amateurs have shrunk from the very mention of the avalanche rolling in bulk every season. The Mendelssohnian mornings have been a model of excellence, because there was really something like a principle involved in them. The range of the Beethoven sonatas had been exhausted, and it was reserved for Madame Arabella Goddard to conceive the happy thought of including the whole forty-eight songs in three programmes. Now, these songs must not be regarded as too trifling to be embodied into one scheme. When a composer has invented a new form, it is as much entitled to consideration as if it involved elaboration of the most intricate kind. We have yet to learn that simplicity in art is to be disregarded. Mendelssohn originated the idea of a pianist playing a theme with accompaniment thereto at the same time. The fingers sang not only the melody, but supplied, so to speak, the orchestral under-current. This was a discovery, and a valuable one; for, despite of its seeming simplicity, we have heard players regarded as first-class ones break down in executing with accuracy some of these "Songs without Words." It is not necessary to repeat here the record of our faith in the interpretation of Mendelssohn by our greatest of English pianists. It is as absurd as it is unjust to assume that her high standing could ever have been acquired by any extraneous aid, unless she had been peculiarly and exceptionally gifted. It is miserable detraction to maintain that an executive artist can "ascend to the apex of the vault of the horizon of art" without having substantial claims to the elevation. No performances by any pianist, living or dead, have been followed with deeper interest than these memorable Mendelssohnian mornings, and no more appreciative audiences have been met with than those which have listened to the "Songs without Words" as sung by Madame Arabella Goddard, whose magic touch was as refined as the compositions themselves.

STUTTGART.—M. Gounod's *Romeo und Julie* has been produced.

FETE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

A second fête was held in this building on Saturday, commencing late in the afternoon and terminating late at night—like that on the Saturday previous in honour of the Crown Prince of Denmark, but on the whole even more varied than its predecessor. This time the fête was in honour of the Duke of Edinburgh, whose appearances in public just now are, for reasons unnecessary to explain, anticipated with extraordinary interest. As on the previous occasion, the attractions of music, which may be said to have found a new home in the Crystal Palace, were largely called upon. There were two concerts, the first advertised to commence at four o'clock, the second at a quarter before six. How enormous was the crowd may be gathered from the official statement of the numbers present, which we subjoin:—

Season tickets	17,122
By payment	13,374
Total	30,496

—nearly 4,000 more than on the occasion of the Sultan's visit in 1867, and nearly 7,000 more than at the fête on Saturday week. About ten minutes after four the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, and a numerous suite, who had been received by the directors of the Crystal Palace Company, were conducted to the Royal box, and no sooner was the Duke of Edinburgh recognized than cheering rose from all parts, and at the termination of the National Anthem was renewed. The concert then proceeded, exactly in the order of the programme subjoined:—

Overture ("Masaniello")	Meyerbeer.
Quartetto, "Un di si ben rammentom!" ("Rigoletto"), Mdlle. Vanzini, Mdlle. Grossi, Signor Fancelli, and Signor Graziani.	Verdi.
Arietta, "Nella Calma" ("Romeo e Giulietta"), Mdlle. Adeline Patti	Gounod.
Aria, "Udite, udite" ("L'Elisir d'Amore"), Signor Ciampi	Donizetti.
Caratina, "Cara Nome" ("Rigoletto"), Mdlle Vanzini	Verdi.
Aria, "Piff! paff!" ("Gli Ugonotti"), Signor Bagaglio	Meyerbeer.
Aria, "Noli Signor" ("Gli Ugonotti"), Mdlle. Grossi.	Meyerbeer.
Aria, "Voi che sapete" ("La Nozze di Figaro"), Mdlle. Vanzini	Mozart.
Aria, "Una furtiva lagrima" ("L'Elisir d'Amore"), Signor Mario	Donizetti.
Aria, "Di provenza" ("Traviata"), Signor Graziani	Verdi.
Song, "Within a mile of Edinburgh Town," Mdlle. Adeline Patti	Scotch.
Duet, "Voglio dire" ("L'Elisir d'Amore"), Signori Fancelli and Ciampi	Donizetti.

The overture to Auber's grand opera, superbly played under the direction of Mr. Manns, was much applauded; nor was the quartet from *Rigoletto* heard without interest. But the first "sensation" was created by Mdlle. Adeline Patti, whose execution of the brilliant waltz-air from *Romeo e Giulietta* excited general admiration and a general cry of "encore," to which, however, the gifted lady would not consent. The next piece, that seemed to afford unqualified satisfaction, was "Voi che sapete," extremely well given by Mdlle. Vanzini; and next to that "Una furtiva lagrima," sung in perfection by Signor Mario, who was called back to the orchestra. Upon this followed the most marked success of the concert—the Scottish ballad, "Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town," to the words of which Mdlle. Patti gave a significance as telling as the charm which her voice lent to the melody. The demand for an encore was this time so unanimous as not to be resisted; and Mdlle. Patti returned to the orchestra and sang—not the Scotch ballad again, as, doubtless, the majority would have wished, but the Swiss "Echo Song," with variations by Eckert, with which she has on more than one occasion delighted her admirers at the Royal Italian Opera, in the Lesson-scene of *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. In both of them she was admirably accompanied on the pianoforte by Herr Strakosch.

The programme of the second concert, which began precisely at the appointed hour—a quarter to six—was as below:—

Triumphal March ("Naaman"), the United Bands	Costa.
Part-Song, "Farewell to the Forest," the Choir	Mendelssohn.
Aria, "Fra poco" ("Lucia di Lammermoor"), Signor Fancelli	Donizetti.
Solo and Chorus, "Calm is the glassy ocean" ("Idomeneo"), Mdlle. Carola and the Choir	Mozart.
Caratina, "Non più mesta" ("Cenerentola"), Mdlle. Grossi	Rossini.
The Prayer from "Moses in Egypt," the Choir, United Bands, and Festival Organ	Rossini.
New Song, "God bless our Sailor Prince," Mr. Cummings and the Choir	Glover.
Aria, "Largo al factotum" ("Il Barbiere"), Signor Ciampi	Rossini.
Prayer, "Hear, Holy Power" ("Masaniello"), the Choir	Auber.
Chorus, "See the Conquering Hero comes," the Choir, United Bands, and Festival Organ	Handel.
National Song, "Rule Britannia," Mr. Cummings and the Choir	Dr. Arne.
National Anthem, "God Save the Queen," the Choir, United Bands, and Festival Organ	

The pompous and imposing march from Mr. Costa's second oratorio was admirably played and much admired; but, as will be seen from the foregoing, the musical interest of this second concert was principally choral—the 2,000 amateur metropolitan members of the Handel Festival Choir singing their best; and what that best is our musical readers need scarcely be informed. Mendelssohn's touching and lovely part-song delighted the audience as usual; while everyone was alive to the melodious beauty of the excerpt from Mozart's Greek opera, *Ido-*

meno. The airs from *Lucia* and *La Cenerentola* merely served as make-weights, or, at all events, as seasonable reliefs to the choir. On the other hand, the *preghiera*, from Rossini's *Mosè in Egitto*, magnificently delivered, was called for again and repeated. Upon this followed the characteristic piece of the evening, a solo, with chorus, "God bless our Sailor Prince," Mr. W. H. Cummings giving the solo verses with patriotic energy, and the chorus echoing him with hearty good will. This *morceau d'occasion*, at the first bar of which the whole of the enormous audience rose to their feet, led to a display of genuine enthusiasm. After the three verses had been gone through, amid marked attention, there was such cheering, shouting, clapping of hands, stamping of feet, and waving of books, hats, and handkerchiefs, as it is rare to witness on any occasion, however exciting. This was kept up for some minutes, when three "Hurrahs" from the orchestra, responded to by the crowd, brought it to a climax. All the while the Duke of Edinburgh, in whose honour the song had been written, and to whom the Prince of Wales had resigned the place of honour in the centre of the Royal box, was repeatedly bowing. The song was encored and repeated—a decided mistake, in our opinion, seeing that though we may encore a song, we cannot encore a spontaneous burst of sentiment. After this "Largo al factotum," though given with his accustomed self-reliance by Signor Ciampi, fell somewhat flat. The impressive prayer from *Masaniello*, however, with effects of *crescendo* from 2,000 well-trained voices, impossible to describe, made the audience once more musically inclined. "See the Conquering Hero comes," in which the customary trio of solo voices was allotted to ladies of the choir, again forced unfavourable comparisons with the matchless performance at the Handel Festival. Just at this moment the Duke of Wurtemberg, entering the Royal box, was mistaken by a large majority of the audience for Sir Robert Napier, whereupon loud cheering came from every side, and was continued until the error was discovered. The familiar strains of "Rule Britannia," however, brought the audience back to their equilibrium; and the "National Anthem" (Mr. Costa's arrangement), sung as it had been sung at the beginning of the afternoon concert, terminated appropriately, and amid renewed cheers, the musical proceedings of the day.

About the exhibition of the "whole system of the fountains;" the dinner provided by Messrs. Bertram and Roberts during the interval between the concerts; the inspection of Hammel, that stunted mule which exults in the distinction of having been King Theodore's favourite charger; and the examination of the various wonders displayed for the edification of the Royal visitors by Mr. Stringfellow and other promoters of aeronautical discovery, we need say nothing. The next incident was the apparition appearance of the Princess of Wales, who, although expected at the beginning of the fête, had long been "given up." Both concerts were over before it was known that she had arrived in a private carriage and been received by the Duke of Sutherland at the North Tropical entrance. No sooner, however, had this been made generally public than the front of the Royal box was besieged by a crowd, who began cheering with such good will that at length the Princess of Wales came forward, accompanied by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, and was met with an "ovation" in no respect less enthusiastic than that which had been awarded to the recognized hero of the day.

Then followed a rush to witness the fireworks, the culminating point of the day's festivities. The Royal party occupied the open corridor overlooking the terraces and fountains, and at a quarter to 10 o'clock (as announced) the first "aerial maroon," to resort to the pyrotechnic vocabulary, was fired off. Then the ascent of the "magnesium balloon" was followed by a salute to the brother Princes, with signal lights, from 200 of the 19th Middlesex Volunteers—Colonel Hughes, M.P. (chairman of the Crystal Palace Company)—the military band playing "God save the Queen." The salute was illustrated by characteristic devices—one, in the centre, a representation of Prince Alfred's own ship, the *Galatea*; another to the right, a plume of feathers, in honour of the Prince of Wales; a third, an anchor, with the motto, "Welcome Alfred," the whole a triumph of pyrotechnic display. We cannot stop to describe the "Cascade of fire," nor the "Battery of Roman Candles," nor the "fiery comets" streaming from the topmost heights of either tower, nor the "Girandole of Rockets," nor the illumination of the fountains and grounds by brilliant coloured fires. These more than once have been apostrophized in befitting terms; and we have only to add, that on no occasion, even at the Crystal Palace, has there been so magnificent a display. Everything was in its favour, the wind being in the right quarter to blow away the smoke; the temperature moderate, and the sky just enough obscured to give additional vividness to the coloured lights.

The Royal party remained to the last, and were conducted to their carriages by the directors of the Crystal Palace and the general manager, Mr. R. K. Bowley, to whom they expressed, in warm terms their high satisfaction.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CONCERT SYSTEM, &c.

(Continued from page 465.)

All the triumphs of Paganini were eclipsed by those achieved ten years later by Liszt in Germany. Paganini was enveloped only in fables, but Liszt appeared in the full brilliancy of every possible kind of real adventure. When he was twenty-three years old, he was a friend of Lamartine's and Victor Hugo's, and glorified by Georges Sand, in her *Lettres d'un Voyageur*—Alexandre Dumas, in one of his most exciting romances, described how he had played in some drawing-room Weber's "Auforderung zum Tanze," and driven all his hearers, male and female, wild with excitement. His name was coupled with those of the most zealous socialists—an exceedingly clever lady, belonging to the best society, left her home to share his lot. He was, indisputably, the most perfect representative of the French romantic school. From the prefaces of Victor Hugo and of Lamartine, from the exciting episodes of Alfred de Musset, he had learnt the art of impressing the fashionable world, and of spurring them up to believe in Genius. It is perhaps not necessary for me to make a point of assuring those I address of my conviction that successes like Liszt's could not be achieved without unusual natural gifts; I will even add that, as a musician, Liszt stood much higher than as a concert-giver, as which alone he was known to the public; that he read the most difficult scores at sight, as a practised pianist reads an easy waltz; but I want to prove that as a concert-giver Liszt would never have attained half his success had it not been for the influence of his personality. The best proof of this is furnished by his first appearance in Vienna. He came out just at the time that Clara Wieck, Schumann's betrothed, and afterwards his wife, was the attraction of the day—her success was far greater than the most brilliant success Thalberg had ever achieved in Vienna. Her elevated tendencies are well-known; and, though at her concerts she generally produced the greatest enthusiasm by little "Etudes" of Henselt's, or Nocturnes of Chopin's, her programmes were always models of good taste. Liszt appeared, and played Weber's "Concert-stück." The audience were uproarious, it is true, but not much more so, after all, than at many of Clara Wieck's showpieces. During the concert, however, Liszt walked among the audience, and began conversing in French with those ladies and men present whom he knew. The Viennese gazed with astonishment at the pianist, who indulged in light, easy conversation with the proudest aristocrats. A few days afterwards a report went through the whole capital that he had replied to one of the haughtiest ladies in it, who had asked him, at table, a somewhat indelicate question as to his business success in Venice: "Madam, I cultivate music; I am not in trade." We cannot, at the present day, form a due notion probably, of the effect of this anecdote, because many of the great virtuoso's pupils have already surpassed him in impromptu of this kind, and make up by impoliteness for what they want of his wit. Then, however, Liszt was valued as a hero who had victoriously pulled down the barriers between the artist and the higher classes. Many more interesting facts might be related concerning Liszt's subsequent career in Germany—how he frequently himself belied his immense talent, how he frequently entered the concert-room, fatigued, unstrung, and in such a state that anything like a conscientious artistic performance was out of the question, and how, despite all this, he was overwhelmed with the same applause as in his most brilliant moments. But this would take us too far.

I remarked, at the outset, that, in former times every executant was expected to do something good as a composer as well, but that, since Liszt appeared, such had ceased to be the case. Indeed, in the present state of musical execution, we can scarcely expect that anyone who devotes himself to the career of a virtuoso should study composition profoundly. In order to attain the giddy height of executive skill reached by Liszt and his followers, from eight to ten hours' practice is required every day, and this, on account of the entire isolation from real life in which instrumental music moves, is decidedly more deadening in its effect than practice in any other art. It is, therefore, perfectly impossible for a musical performer, who wishes to compete with others, to preserve that purity of artistic sentiment on which so much is said and written in Germany. It is true that we never now see a new programme issued by a wandering virtuoso which does not contain classical

works, side by side with all kinds of break-neck pieces of home and foreign manufacture; but the artistic feeling intended to be exhibited in these programmes, reminds me of an anecdote related to me by the witty proprietor of the *Figaro*, M. de Villemessant. In April, 1848, when Paris was still revelling in the Republic, he met some literary friends in the street. These gentlemen were all delighted at the new turn in affairs, and, in their minds, perceived mankind approaching a fresh era. Villemessant, however, was of opinion that the French were too luxurious a people to bear a really free, far less a republican, constitution. "Listen," he exclaimed; "I will lay a bet that there are not five hundred republicans to be found in all Paris, and I at once propose a sure method of attesting the question: let us station ourselves at a corner of the street; I will ask, very politely, every one who passes whether he is a sincere republican; for every such one, I will pay you five francs, while for every man of a different opinion I ask you for only one franc." The strange wager was accepted, and the gentlemen, with their witnesses, posted themselves at the Café Richelieu, Boulevard des Italiens. Villemessant went up to the first passer-by, made him a polite bow, and, mentioning his own name and the names of his companions, to show they were not mere stupid jokers, enquired: "Tell me in all sincerity, sir, are you, in your heart, a republican?" "Comment!" bellowed the individual thus addressed, "*Liberté, égalité, fraternité, ou la mort! Vive la république!*" Villemessant took off his hat, made a low bow, and taking five francs from his pocket gave them to his opponent. A second individual now came up, and our satirist repeated his question. "My dear citizen de Villemessant," was the reply, "I am a republican, but my affairs have been in a very bad state since the introduction of the Republic, and, under the circumstances, no man can be very sincerely enthusiastic." Then came a workman. "*Citoyen ouvrier,*" said Villemessant, inquiringly, "of course you are a republican?" "Scoundrels!" answered the man, "with your Republic and your fine speeches, you smeared our lips with honey, and now we are starving." Then came a Napoleonist, who was a republican because he would not have one of the rotten Bourbon, or Orleans lot; then a Legitimist, who was for the Republic if his Henri V. could not reign; at last Villemessant's opponents paid him one hundred francs forfeit money not to ask any more questions. I think now that if any one were to place himself upon the Virtuosi Boulevards, and ask every concert-giver, on his conscience, whether he was really as classically disposed as he strove to appear in his programmes, we might by paying every sincere lover of the Classic five francs, and claiming one franc for everyone who entertained in his heart different sentiments, do a tolerably profitable stroke of business. When we hear the virtuosi of the present day first play sonatas by Beethoven, or fugues by Bach, and then their own compositions, in which they almost seem to be contending who shall carry off the prize for badness, we are reminded of those fashionable people who go into the country in summer, because it is not the correct thing to be seen in town, but who are terribly bored, and begin to live again only when they exchange forest, green sward, and real flowers, for velvet carpets, silk hangings, and the products of the artificial florist. It is unfortunately only too well-established a fact that even the greatest virtuosi urged by the desire of showing the varied nature of their talent (that is of satisfying their vanity) have picked up the very worst things they could. Even Jenny Lind herself sung, amidst tremendous applause at a musical festival, one of the most vapid Italian *bravura* airs ever written (and not, be it understood, one of those many sweet Italian melodies, which, when well executed exercise so magic a swell on us). A very celebrated actor, also, to whom the author of these lines ventured to remark that he ought not to play any longer a certain sentimental part, fitted only for walking gentlemen in summer travelling companies, replied very significantly: "I have no other object than to impersonate every day a different individual" (which was equivalent to saying: "the value of the piece is a secondary consideration; the first condition is that it affords me an opportunity for display."). We ask ourselves: Whither will this lead? It cannot be denied that the highest degree of executive skill is at present an indispensably necessary condition for concert-playing, and it is accounted a decided fault in a concert-player not to have attained it. But even the possession of such skill offers no longer any guarantee for

its significance. In order to achieve certain and lasting success, the highest virtuosity must follow the most noble path. Joachim has succeeded in doing so. He has consistently rejected all outward glitter, and yet his fame is indisputably greater than that of anyone else. Yet the stock of violin pieces for concert purposes is a much more limited one than that of pianoforte compositions, of which there is a large collection wherefrom to choose. Yet at present we hear at the public performances of pianoforte virtuosi nothing save the most difficult of Beethoven's Sonatas, and a light concerto by Mozart, but that only when the executant has composed an exceedingly difficult and brilliant *cadenza* for it. Virtuosity at present steps everywhere into the foreground, careless of the higher claims of art, and forgetful of Goethe's words:

"Vergebens werden ungebundne Geister,
Nach der Vollendung reiner Höhe streben;
Wer Grosses will, muss sich zusammenraffen,
In der Beschränkung zeigt sich erst der Meister,
Nur das Gesetz kann uns die Freiheit geben."

The virtuoso is not a free man, but a slave of the public, on whom he must keep continually exerting fresh influence by new attractions, for whom he must keep his name preserved in continuous tones, for whom he must not think of following for a time, as a man, higher aspirations, if he would not risk being forgotten as a pianist or a violinist. And what recompenses him for this feverish haste, for the constraint imposed by his everlasting speculation on pecuniary gain, to satisfy the daily increasing requirements of material life, and of his social rank, as it is called? This agreeable social position. Let us see what this is.

(To be continued.)

A LORD, A LADY, AND STREET MUSIC.

The Hon. Spencer Lyttelton attended to prosecute a complaint at Westminster, on Thursday week, against Maria Kaepenz, of Grosvenor Cottages, Eaton Terrace, for aiding and abetting street musicians to play their instruments in Grosvenor Cottages, near his house in Eaton Terrace, after he had required them to depart.—Defendant, on being asked whether she pleaded guilty or not guilty, replied that she and her neighbours in the cottages all agreed about liking to hear the musicians, and didn't see why the hon. gentleman should interfere with their amusements. They had all detained them, but she (defendant) did not think she was the person the complainant intended to proceed against.—Mr. Arnold inquired whether complainant had taken proceedings against the principal offenders on this occasion?—The Hon. Mr. Lyttelton replied that he had been unable, as offenders of that class were of a wandering description, without home or habitation. He should have felt it his duty to have taken proceedings, had he known where to find them. They were a most intolerable nuisance, of which he was most anxious to be relieved. Unless he seized them by the collar and held them, he did not know how he could proceed against them. The police would decline to take them unless they witnessed the transaction.—Mr. Arnold intimated that under Mr. Cavendish Bentinck's late Act they might be given into custody without a warrant.—Complainant was happy to hear it, and said he would certainly avail himself of the information. Defendant and several others who lived in Grosvenor Cottages encouraged musicians to make a hideous noise there to the annoyance of their neighbours.—Mr. Arnold looking at the 11th and 12th Vict., cap. 48, section 5, which says "Every person who shall aid, abet, counsel, or procure the commission of any offence punishable on summary conviction shall be liable to be proceeded against and convicted of the same, either together with the principal offender or before his conviction"—was of opinion that as no proceedings had been taken against the principal, it would be unsafe to proceed with this complaint, and dismissed it. At the same time, addressing the defendant, he told her that she and her fellow-occupants of the cottages had no right to annoy their neighbours for their own gratification—they had no right to encourage poor men to commit a breach of the law, for which they were liable to a 40s. penalty, and were more to blame than the musicians. He could not conceive a much greater nuisance than this continued noise because some persons fancied it; and if any further complaint came before him he would inflict the full penalty of the law.

LEIPZIG.—Professor E. F. Richter has been appointed Cantor at St. Thomas's School, in place of the late Möritz Hauptmann.—Grand concert, in the new Stadttheater, under the direction of Herr Rietz, towards erecting a monument to Mendelssohn: Overture to *Athalie*, Mendelssohn; Air from *Eljah* (Madame Joachim); Violin Concerto, Mendelssohn (Herr Joachim); Air with *obligato* pianoforte accompaniment, Mozart (Madame Joachim and Herr Reinecke); Overture and Overture, "Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt," Mendelssohn; *Adagio* from Spohr's Ninth Concerto (Herr Joachim); and *Reformations Symphonie*, Mendelssohn.

BEETHOVEN'S GRANDFATHER.*

Ludwig van Beethoven, the elder, was born at Antwerp, on the 23rd December, 1712, and died at Bonn, on the 24th December, 1773. He was descended from a family settled since the 16th century in Rostelaer, Leefdal, and Berthem, near Löwen. His grandfather, Wilhelm van Beethoven, who married Catherine Grandjean was, in 1705, a tapster at Antwerp; his father, Henry Adelard van Beethoven (born in September, 1683, died in September, 1745, at Antwerp), who married Maria Catharine von Herdt (died in November, 1793, at Antwerp), was a tailor. After living for many years in comfortable circumstances, and even purchasing in 1713, the house called *Sphera mundi*, which he inhabited in the Rue neuve, Henry saw his modest fortune gradually melt away, and soon afterwards was scarcely able to support his family, consisting of twelve children. To put the finishing stroke to his misery, domestic dissensions broke out and rose to such a pitch, that the youngest son, Ludwig, turned his back on the paternal roof never to behold it again. Possessing a good voice, and a tolerable knowledge of music, he proceeded to Löwen, and offered his services to the chapter of the collegiate church of St. Peter there. The chapter admitted him into its choir on the 2nd December, 1731. A few days afterwards, the chapelmaster, Ludwig Colfs was compelled by ill health to ask permission to absent himself for some time, and his duties were entrusted to Ludwig van Beethoven for the space of three months. At the expiration of that period, the young artist proceeded to Bonn, where, in the year 1733, he received his appointment as actual court and chapel-singer of the Elector Clemens August, Prince of Bavaria. He had probably, in accordance with the regular custom, already discharged, as candidate, the functions of his office during the preceding year. He received an annual salary of 400 florins, a considerable sum in those days. On the 7th September, 1733, he married, being scarcely one-and-twenty years of age, a young girl, Maria Josephine Poll, who was only nineteen. From this time forth, he resided permanently at Bonn, and was, during a long series of years, one of the most popular artists at the half ecclesiastic, half mundane court of the Elector-Archbishop. This Prince—born in 1700 at Brussels, where his father, Max Emanuel of Bavaria, the Stadtholder-General of the Netherlands, then resided—always manifested a great liking for the Antwerp musician. After this prince's death, his successor, Maximilian Friedrich, put the finishing touch to his predecessor's favour, by confiding, in the year 1763, the high post of director-general of the court-chapel on Ludwig van Beethoven, a post which the latter held till the end of his life. Though he was now archiepiscopal chapelmaster, Ludwig van Beethoven, who had preserved the freshness of his voice, continued to sing various parts in the comic operas represented during the winter-time at the Elector's theatre. In 1771, he sang in French the character of Père Dolmon, in Grétry's *Sylvain*, and, in 1773, that of Brunoro, in Luchesi's *Inganno Scoperto* in Italian.

By his marriage with Maria Josephine Poll (died at Bonn, on the 30th September, 1755), he had, among other children, a son Johann, born somewhere about 1740, who, in 1763, succeeded him as titular chapel-singer, after having sung in the chapel since 1759. This was the father of the incomparable master, of the great composer, Ludwig van Beethoven, the younger, to whom his grandfather stood godfather on the 17th December, 1770, in the church of St. Remigius, and who died on the 26th March, 1827, at Vienna.

The portrait painted by the court-painter Radoux of Ludwig van Beethoven the elder, towards the end of his life, is at present in the possession of Carl van Beethoven's widow at Vienna. The old gentleman is represented half length, natural size, with a fur cap on his head, and a page of music in his hand.

Other Beethovens of the Antwerp branch cultivated the fine arts, especially Peter van Beethoven, a painter and pupil of Abraham Genoels, junr., about 1689, and Gerard van Beethoven, a sculptor, who, in 1713, was received as master's son into the guild of St. Lucas. Ludwig Joseph van Beethoven, who, in 1743, attended the drawing-school of the Royal Academy at Antwerp, was a younger brother of Ludwig van Beethoven the elder.

DRESDEN.—Lortzing's *Undine*, with new dresses, scenery, and appointments, is to be revived during the forthcoming season.—A third theatre is going to be erected. It will be licensed for vaudevilles, comedies, farces, and other entertainments of a similar class.

PESTH.—On the 23rd ult., a five-act historico-dramatic opera, entitled *Zrinyi*, words and music by A. von Adelburg, was produced at the National Theatre. To judge by the applause, and the number of times the author-composer was called on, the opera should be pronounced a great success, but the enthusiasm of first nights does not always represent the verdict of the general public.

* From the *Biographie Nationale Belge*.

REVIEWS.

Part Music for S.A.T.B. Edited by JOHN HULLAH. Sacred Series. Part 8. [London: Longmans, Green, Reader & Dyer.]

THE latest part of this excellent re-issue contains a selection of anthems varied by one psalm, the Old Hundredth, as harmonized by Claude Lefune, with the *cantus firmus* in the tenor. The selection includes Bernhard Klein's "Like as the hart," by no means the most attractive setting of those often-set words; Alcock's "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way," a work too well known to need description; Horsley's ingenious canon, with a free part, "Hear me when I call;" and Zingarelli's motet, "Haste thee, O God." In one or more of these every lover of sacred music may find something to his taste.

Kellogg-Valse. Pour Piano. Par ARDITI. [London: Ashdown & Parry.] As the clever American lady after whom this *valse* is named has gained for it extensive acceptance by her admirable singing of the vocal form, we need not discuss its merits here. There is no doubt that, as played on the "household instrument," it will become even more widely popular, and, in no small degree, increase the reputation enjoyed by the talented composer.

Kellogg-Valse. Parole di ZAFFIRA; Musica di ARDITI. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

THIS is the "vocal form" referred to above. It ought, we think, to have been embellished with the portrait which adorns the pianoforte version.

To Horse! To Horse! the Standard Flies. Song. Poetry by Sir WALTER SCOTT; music by JAMES YOUNG. [Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen: Wood & Co.]

THIS is a spirited and well written patriotic song, characteristic enough to catch the popular ear, artistic enough to please the musician. We have pleasure in recommending it.

The Golden Heart. Song. The poetry by ADELAIDE ANN PROCTER; the music by G. A. MACFARREN. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

THERE is no pretension about this song. But though simple in melody and accompaniment, it is full of the charm that cannot but belong to the work of an able musician. Its compass is as moderate as the means required for its execution.

Ezter Hall. A Sunday Evening Monthly Magazine of Sacred Music. No. 5. [London: Metzler & Co.]

THIS number, besides being nearly full of Handel's music, contains an engraving of the famous hall in Fishamble Street, Dublin, where the *Messiah* was first performed. It opens with an air, "The Lord is righteous," which will have many admirers. This is followed by extracts from *Israel*, arranged for the pianoforte by Dr. Rimbault, and at the end are other Handelian selections for the harmonium. The remaining contents are "Weep not for me," a sentimental song by J. L. Hatton, and an Evening Hymn, by R. Redhead, of considerable merit.

SOUND.

In a recently published volume, *On Sound and Atmospheric Vibrations with the Mathematical Elements of Music*, Mr. G. B. Airy, the Astronomer Royal, has closely investigated the vibratory movements which produce ordinary sound and those accelerated and continuous vibrations which constitute musical notes. Not only are the production and behaviour of sonorous waves fully discussed, but the equations are determined which embrace their variable phases, and represent their conditional behaviour under such modifications as may be imposed for experimental purposes or musical use.

The completeness with which these determinations have been made will certainly claim for this work a higher and more permanent value than that of a student's text-book. It is, indeed, one of the most important contributions which the author has made to a department of inquiry which is continually assuming a more definite and powerful influence over other branches of knowledge and speculation.

Some have been slow to understand why the phenomena of spiritualism have been steadily regarded by scientific men as the results of imposture and delusion alone, and treated with the impatient contempt which such a combination invites. That the slightest hesitancy on these and similar matters can exist in the minds of educated men is undoubtedly due to the fact that in the schools the true modes in which we are affected by natural influences have not yet displaced as objects of study the traditionary and utterly false relations inculcated in ancient and more recent writings. Now it is clearly known that the production of sound-waves or the reflection of a single ray of light is effected only by the occurrence of definite physical conditions, without which either is as impossible as the removal of a mountain by the rod of a magician. And while such a principle becomes fully understood men may well express astonishment regarding that tone of mind which renders the assumption possible of spiritual beings destitute of material parts and of

sense-organs hearing and making replies by means of definitely induced material vibrations, of which all sound consists; and a stronger feeling may possibly be due towards the state of popular education which renders such delusions possible, and makes the imposture profitable by which they are nourished.

The next century may be in a position to derive benefit from such reforms as our own age has shown to be glaringly requisite in the means and methods of popular instruction; we may be satisfied if in our own time the influence of the higher education is adapted to precede and guides its development. We, therefore, think that Dr. Airy's work is to be welcomed as being designed for use in the universities as a contribution to that strict investigation of physical phenomena which, by establishing the relations and conditions of all sense-perceptions, constitutes the basis of all true knowledge and must be accepted as the groundwork of a rational system of education.

That our perception of sound, as of light and heat, are due to vibratory movements is rapidly verging from the region of theory into the field of ascertained fact; and already the characteristics of size, intensity, and direction of those ceaseless quiverings which the mind interprets in sensation have become the objects of illustrative experiment and of precise and definite calculation. Formerly such experiments as produced curious but unexplained results, with a few vague numerical deductions obtained therefrom, constituted the bulk and essence of this department of science; but now a disposition to grapple with questions relating to the primary modifications of matter has shown that Nature will willingly exhibit her more subtle modes of activity, and that in a manner more wonderful and significant the more closely we interrogate her. Thus it is that in molecular dynamics we find irresistible strength most perfectly exhibited and that unimpeded regularity of action which all science suggests, but which no other department of it so clearly displays; and hence in the analysis of natural forces the results of the experimentalist invite and facilitate the determinations of the mathematician.

"If no more, why so much?"—asked Lord Grizzle of the ghost of King Arthur.—A. S. S.]

LOCUSTS.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIRRAH,—As that much over-rated personage, "every school-boy," knows, the written history of our country begins with an invasion. But the first recorded descent upon these shores differed in one respect from its many successors. Julius Caesar led his cohorts across the channel from mere love of conquest. Carrying the Roman eagles to *Ultima Thule* was more, in his estimation, than any possible spoil, and having achieved that feat he was content to go back covered with such glory as resulted. The like was not seen afterwards. Every successor of the Emperor had a more substantial object in view. Our land, known to be a goodly land and a pleasant one to dwell in, became, in turn, the prey of Saxon, Dane, and Norman; and, after them, the "sour grapes" of any number of hungry foxes who could do no more than make ineffective jumps at the tempting morsel. The era of such invasions closed long ago, but the movement speedily broke out in a fresh place. It is true that no armed legions now harass our peaceful coast, yet legions come, nevertheless, and go away laden with spoil. So old-established is the practice, and so perseveringly followed, that we are in danger of regarding it as a providential and inevitable arrangement. In point of fact, England has become to surrounding nations what Egypt was to the old Eastern world. There is always "corn" with us, and if any needy foreigner can muster anything—no matter how worthless—to offer in exchange, he betakes himself hitherward, with perfect confidence in being able to get on the right side of the easy-going Joseph who keeps the key of the granary. Hence, just as to continue the Egyptian parallel—the "Locusts came without number and devoured the fruits of land," so we are overrun with omnivorous strangers, who not seldom leave little enough for those having a prior right.

In nothing is this state of things more notorious than in matters musical. I make no reference to organ-grinders, German bands, and Tyrolean hurdy-gurdists, though they out-number English "niggers," and other minstrels ten to one. It is to the class called "artists" that I wish exclusively to direct attention. The annual descent of these people upon our shores is a phenomenon in art history. Yet more so is the unbounded assumption they bring with them, an assumption which claims, as of right, everything most worth having. Without being in any sense a musical protectionist, I hold that the results are clearly undesirable, and it may be worth while to look a little into the matter.

There can be no doubt, I fancy, that foreign musicians regard England as, in some sort, their legitimate prey. They see a nation devoted to commerce, rolling in wealth, and unmusical (so the proverb goes), yet willing to patronize music in a lordly inappreciative fashion. The consequence is inevitable. Good, bad, and indifferent alike, flock hither,

the worst among them bringing with him a sense of superiority which expects and demands homage. Strange to say, although, on the merits that sense of superiority is a ludicrous mistake, as a matter of fact, that it flourishes abundantly on English soil. We are so impartially conservative a people that we cherish old standing beliefs in our own shortcomings as though they were matters of which to be proud. One of those beliefs is the inferior musicianship of English men and women as compared with foreigners. How strongly this is held our native artists best know, especially those beneath the highest rank. Hardly one of the latter has not had occasion to regret his English birth; and sometimes measures are resorted to, in self defence, that might almost be called degrading. I say nothing now of the "Madame," which has usurped the place formerly held by the home-sounding "Mrs." That is a small affair, though, like a solitary straw, it serves to show which way the wind blows. But when we see artists abandon their unmistakable English names for others as unmistakably Italian, the nature of the step proves how strong is the prejudice it seeks—with an ostrich-like wisdom—to conciliate. In view of this state of things I cannot blame foreign artists for flocking to our shores, and it is perfectly natural that they should consider themselves worthy of at least as much honour as public opinion insists upon according to them. Who would not do the same in a similar case? But even if I were disposed to complain, such a course would be utterly useless. This country must of necessity attract to itself artists from every other under the sun, and when the number of those is considered who, adopting England as their own, have shed lustre upon English art-history, no one, I feel sure, would wish to prohibit the coming of as many as think fit. I do not complain, therefore, either of the invasion or the invaders. The first is useful, and the second take a perfectly reasonable advantage of their position. Yet the consequences are to be regretted; how, may be shown in a few words.

The gist of the whole matter is that native and foreign artists do not compete in England on equal terms. Nobody acquainted with the facts will dispute the truth of this. Take, for example, the chances of engagement respectively enjoyed. As a rule, the foreigner will be willing to work for less money than his English rival (and managers of all sorts, having no respect of nationality, are anxious to buy in the cheapest possible market); while in not a few instances he is ready to work for a merely nominal sum, or even for nothing, if his so doing promises to give him a footing in the land. By taking this in connection with the craving of English audiences after foreign novelty, and their firm belief in foreign excellence, I see at once against what odds the native artist has to contend. Our countryman's possible superiority will avail him but little in the competition. He may play or sing in a style far beyond that of his rival, but the advantage is as nothing against the attraction of imported novelty and an un-English name. A striking example of this has been recently supplied in connection with the Philharmonic Concerts. Among the invaders of the present season came a certain Mons. ———, "violiniste de ———," who speedily contrived, all unknown as he was, to get an engagement from the directors of the historic society in Hanover Square. But M. ——— fell ill, and to stop the gap in the programme so made, an excellent English artist, Mr. ———, was put forward. The result is upon record. Mr. ——— played so magnificently that the audience remembered he was an Englishman only to be proud of the fact, and gave him an ovation which must have astonished the givers themselves, no less than the recipient. Sometime later, M. ———, having recovered, he made an appearance such as I do not care to characterize here. Suffice it to say, that an Englishman of equally limited capacity could hardly hope to emerge from the obscurity of a provincial town, much less obtain a Philharmonic engagement. Now I want to know why the vastly-superior performance of Mr. ——— was heard through an accident, and that of the ——— violinist as the result of deliberate intention? Of course I assume the managers' desire to secure the greatest possible excellence for their concerts. If their object be merely to excite curiosity, the putting a ——— before a ——— becomes intelligible enough, which cannot be said in any other case. This is but one instance out of many the history of the present musical season might furnish. It serves to show, however, that English artists have a real and crying grievance to complain of. No one can suppose that they would stop the influx of foreigners if it were in their power. They must see to what an extent both the art and, in some respects, its native professors gain by the aggregate of talent thus brought together. All that they ask—so far as I know their mind on the matter—is for fair play, and that the best man may win. This they have a right to demand, and the sooner our audiences get rid of that absurd belief in foreign superiority, which is the foundation of the grievance, the sooner will English art take a prouder position than it now holds. At present, when a competent native performer has to act as a stop-gap for an incompetent stranger, English art is humiliated indeed.—I am, Sirrah, your obedient, humble servant,

THADEUS EGG (to command).

Shaver Silber perplexed.

SIR,—Saturday fortnight was indeed something like an operative day; and so was Saturday week. As, however, I was not present on Saturday week, I confine myself to Saturday fortnight. On that particular day, at the Royal Italian Opera, a new robust soprano, Madame Rey-Balla, made her first appearance in England; at Her Majesty's Opera, Mdle. Clara Louise Kellogg undertook, for the first time, the part of Maria in *La Figlia del Reggimento*. Then at the Crystal Palace there were actually two opera concerts, the first beginning at four o'clock, the second at eight. Melomania is evidently on the increase in England. I believe there is no precedent for such an entertainment as was given on Saturday fortnight at Sydenham—a concert of eighteen pieces followed by a concert of twelve pieces, with an interval for dinner between. It is a positive fact that there are some persons who heard all the first concert and a portion of the second, who got to Her Majesty's Opera in time to hear Mdle. Kellogg in the second act of *La Figlia del Reggimento*, and then hurrying over to the Royal Italian Opera, heard Madame Rey-Balla in the great duet of *Les Huguenots*, which terminates the fourth (in the Italian version the third) act.

Nevertheless, the difficulty of being in three places at the same time, must by many amateurs have been keenly felt, and it may be questioned whether, instead of offering so much operative music to the public on one particular day, it would not be a good plan for managers to come to an arrangement for spreading it over something like a week. The *Eunuchus* of Terence was received with so much applause on its first production that it was encored from beginning to end (as the little boy, in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, wished to encore the piece he saw at Astley's); and students of operative history will remember that the whole of Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto* was repeated the same evening by order of the Emperor Leopold. When the piece was at an end the Emperor, we are told, rose and said, "Bravo, Cimarosa, Bravissimo! The whole opera is admirable, delightful, enchanting. I did not applaud because I did not wish to lose a single note of this masterpiece. I must really hear it again before going to bed. Singers and musicians, pass into the next room. Cimarosa will come, too, and will preside at the banquet prepared for you. When you have had sufficient rest we will begin again."

That is just what happened on Saturday fortnight at the Crystal Palace. (Ask Mr. Bowley if it was not so?) When the singers and musicians had had sufficient rest (or even earlier) they "began again." There was no Emperor Leopold, it is true, to entertain them between the performances (but, *en revanche*, there was Mr. Ionides, who invited them to a banquet). Nor was every singer present expected to take a second innings. *Est modus in rebus*; and it would have been rather too much to expect Mdle. Christine Nilsson, after singing three times in the first concert, to begin again in the second.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Shaver Silber.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—Will you allow me to supply a statement of importance not given by your reporter, viz. that at the request of the great majority of the Crystal Palace proprietors present at the meeting, the directors agreed to the ballot for the "Sunday opening" being kept open until eight o'clock, p.m. This, of course, was in the interest of the working-class proprietary, who, by the closing of the ballot at four o'clock on the 31st December last, were unable to record their votes at Sydenham save by the loss of a whole day, just when about to resume after the Christmas holidays.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

R. M. MORRELL.

London, June 1.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—A notice was stuck up in this Club, informing the members that they were to be turned out of the "Morning-room" on Monday evening, June 29, at seven, because the Committee had empowered certain gentlemen to give a dinner to Mr. Longfellow. No other public intimation of the dinner had been given. As there is against Club Law no redress, may I be allowed to remark that either these gentlemen gave Mr. Longfellow a dinner as private gentlemen, and then they might certainly have found other localities at their disposal; or that if they gave the dinner in the name of the Club, it was their duty to allow their fellow members, without distinction, the opportunity of attending, if they felt so inclined. As it was, Mr. Longfellow may have the satisfaction to know that he dined at our Club with a few select members, and to the forcible exclusion of many who, like myself, have had the honour of an acquaintance and friendship with him of thirty years' standing. I have the honour to be, Sir, yours obediently,

A MEMBER OF THE CLUB.

Athenæum Club, July 1.

BRESLAU.—Herr Gottlob Siegr, Royal Music Director, and Cantor *Emeritus*, died on the 22nd ult., in his eightieth year. He wrote a great number of sacred pieces and school songs. Many of the latter are exceedingly popular.

Histoire de Palmerin d'Olive filz du Roy FLORENDOS de
MACEDONNE et de LA BELLE GRIANE, fille de Remiclos, Empereur de Constantinople, by Jean Maugin, dit le Petit Angevin. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for THIRTY-FIVE GUINEAS.

Enquire of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

BIRTH.

On July 3, at Clarence House, Brighton, the wife of GUSTAVE GARCIA, Esq., of a daughter.

DEATHS.

On May 31, at 24, Chowringhee Road, Calcutta, FANNY, wife of ERNEST BENEDICT, C.E., in her 25th year.

On July 6th, at Jersey, SAMUEL LOVER, Esq., painter, poet, musician, and novelist, aged 71.

NOTICE.

The MUSICAL WORLD will henceforth be published on FRIDAY, in time for the evening mails. Country subscribers will therefore receive their copies on Saturday morning. In consequence of this change, it is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.

With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD subscribers will receive four extra pages, and again, from TIME TO TIME, as expediency may suggest.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock P.M. on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1868.

"DIE MEISTERSINGER VON NÜRNBERG."*

ON the present occasion, the author of *Lohengrin* has deserted the domain of legend, in which he announced his intention of establishing himself exclusively, and gives us in *Die Meistersinger* a regular comic opera. Perhaps it was not till after this work that he circumscribed his field of action, for, chronologically speaking, *Die Meistersinger* comes after *Tannhäuser*, but precedes *Lohengrin* and *Tristan*. Or have his principles undergone a modification, and is *Rienzi* about to be relieved from the ban of excommunication?—However this may be, Wagner was so taken with his subject that he has treated it twice: dramatically and mysteriously in *Tannhäuser*, joyously and profanely in *Die Meistersinger*. Nothing certainly is more calculated to attract an author than these poetical and musical tournaments, for they furnish a graceful and easy theme, which may be embellished at pleasure without any very great effort of the imagination; but, after *Der fliegende Holländer*, after *Lohengrin*, and after *Tristan und Isolde*, we experience some difficulty in picturing Richard Wagner as jingling the jester's bells and courting Thalia. Let us, however, accept him in this new character, for, if we can take his word, he has not forced his talent, but simply, once in a way, given the reins to the "serene gaiety" of his disposition. Let us see how he has set about it.

The *dramatis personæ* are the members of the corporation of *Meistersinger* in the good city of Nuremberg, towards the middle of the sixteenth century. These honest citizens inherited, and arranged after their own fashion, the noble patrimony bequeathed them by the ancient *Minnesinger*, or singers of love strains, the emulators of the French troubadours and minstrels. As a matter

of course, the tradition of their aristocratic predecessors was thoroughly changed in their hands; they imprisoned art in rules and formulas without number, in order, no doubt, when they had once learnt their catechism, to compose more at their ease, behind their counter, safe from the flights of unrestrained imagination. If there is still any reference to love in their songs, it is to love of a most respectable character, love sanctified by the church, which sacred edifice it does not profane, for the *Meistersinger* held their meetings in the temples. A trial of skill between the singers is fixed for the festival of St. John; the reward of the victor is to be the hand of the beautiful Eva, daughter of Veit (or Guy) Pogner, the goldsmith. The Ritter Walther von Stolzing, a young Franconian noble, who has studied the art of poetry and song quite as much from Nature as in an old book by Walter von der Vogelweide—the last of the champions of the celebrated tournament of the Wartburg, in which *Tannhäuser* took a part—has been detained for some time at Nuremberg by his love for Eva. The maiden, whose heart beats in unison with his, informs him of the double obstacle to their happiness: Walther must first get admitted a *Meistersinger*, and then vanquish his rivals in the contest. *Meistersinger*! It is derogatory. What matters? Walther will solicit the honour of becoming a citizen of Nuremberg. To begin, David, the apprentice of Hans Sachs, the famous shoemaker-poet, tells him all the things he has to do: to familiarize himself with an infinite number of tones of the most absurd description, the short tone, the long tone, the very long tone, the tone of all colours, that of the lark, that of the nightingale, that of the greenishank, that of the rainbow, that of English tin, that of the stick of cinnamon, &c., &c.; after this, he will be called upon to write a number of becoming, well-rhymed verses, and then adapt a suitable melody to them. Such is the ordeal to which he will be subjected in order to be received a master.

Walther, whom Eva's confession has filled with unbounded confidence, presents himself, rather *ex abrupto*, for examination. Before the learned assembly, and in the middle of St. Catherine's church, he sings the praises of love, of profane love! He sings them, moreover, after his own fashion, that is to say, without paying the slightest attention to the rubbishy rules preserved in the statutes, but with an amount of fire and eloquence which causes the judges to tremble with holy horror. The marker of the corporation, the *Stadtschreiber*, or town-clerk, Sixtus Beckmesser, an unhappy admirer of Eva's has noted, as was his duty, the innumerable faults of the candidate; so, despite the support of Hans Sachs, who understands what he is about, and of Pogner himself, Walther is pitilessly rejected. He does not quit the place, however, without first crushing with his contempt the *Meistersinger*. This produces a certain amount of disorder, of which the apprentices of the *gai savoir* take advantage to dance an exceedingly wild dance around the platform. The result is a first *finale*, pretty full of movement, as the reader may suppose.

The quasi-legendary figure of old Hans Sachs occupies the foreground in the last two acts. The dull-brained Beckmesser, having come at night to serenade Eva Pogner, the shoemaker's neighbour, is ridiculed by Hans Sachs, who gathers a crowd around the shivering lover, and procures him a thoroughly good cudgelling. The next day, Walther, who, despite his non-success, has spent a very quiet night, relates to his host, the poet-artisan, a charming dream he has had.—"We are saved!" exclaims Hans Sachs; "it is an excellent subject for a song, a song into which you can pour all your soul, and which, at the same time, is marvellously adapted for being treated according to the rules." He then shows the young man how to set about his work. Walther, full of ardour, has soon written three stanzas, with which not even the most exacting judges could find fault. While he goes to dress for the

* From *La Revue et Gazette Musicale*.

grand festival, which is to be public, Beckmesser arrives and sees the song; Sachs allows him to take it away, and even, if he likes, to sing it, knowing that he will only render himself ridiculous. Beckmesser is delighted, and runs off with his treasure, for he thinks the song is by Sachs, a fact which renders it of great value. The solemn moment having arrived, the Town-Clerk, still quite lame, begins singing his couplets in a hoarse voice, to a barbarous melody, violating prosody, and distorting the words in the most absurd manner. He is greeted by shouts of derision from the initiated and the profane. "It is by Sachs," he exclaims, to be revenged. "No, it is not," says the shoemaker; "I am incapable of writing anything so beautiful. He only [who has written it] can, I think, sing it." Walther now advances. His pathetic accents and irreproachable execution soon call forth the applause of his audience, and the prize is unanimously awarded him. Eva places the crown of myrtle and laurel upon his victorious forehead; Pogner hangs round his neck the gold chain with three medals, the badge of the master-singers, and Hans Sachs terminates the ceremony by addressing him a few very sensible words upon the value of inspiration, and the usefulness of rules—as well as on the mission of German art, *perverted by the Gallic taste and by princes.*

Wagner was bound to finish with this touch; he did so at the dictation of Hans Sachs, who wrote *Art and Politics.*

(To be continued.)

MR. ALFRED NICHOLSON.

We have great pleasure in informing the friends of this eminent hautybo performer, that there is great hope of his being enabled at no distant date to again occupy the place he so efficiently filled in our orchestras. That this desirable result may be the sooner realized, his medical advisers recommend him entire rest, and absence from all anxiety. His family have been and still are generously assisted in carrying out their instructions by the pecuniary aid of many who appreciate his merits, and sympathize with him in his severe affliction. Among the gratifying instances of kindly feeling shown towards Mr. Nicholson, we may mention the concerts given for his benefit by the Reading Philharmonic Society, and by the Moray Minstrels at the Hanover Square Rooms.

MR. EDWARD MURRAY has accepted an engagement—offered him in the most flattering manner, by Sig. Bucheron, the chapel-master—at the Cathedral, Milan. Mr. Murray proposes remaining in Italy a considerable time. On his return to England, it is his intention to devote himself more especially to oratorio singing.

THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.—At the 63rd quarterly meeting of the 16th year of the members held on Tuesday the 7th inst. Viscount Ranelagh in the chair, the report of the executive committee stated that up to Midsummer the £50 shares issued were £30,047, representing a subscribed capital of £1,502,350. The quarterly receipts were £49,697, 6s. 4d. and the grand totals to Midsummer £1,255,517, 17s. 1d. The total withdrawals had been £321,532. 12s. 8d. The sale of land amounted to £636,276 17s. and the reserve fund to £12,109 5s. 2d. The first portion of the Clapham Junction Estate had been entirely sold, and a large quantity of the second allotment had been also disposed of. The board would offer before the close of the financial year at Michaelmas the Holloway Estate, the Waterlade Estate, Red Hill, and the Northampton Estate. The report concluded by announcing that the advance department would be the main business of the society after Michaelmas, the land operations being carried on by the United Land Company, Limited, but both associations would work on the co-operative principle. Among the directors and members present were: Viscount Ranelagh, Col. B. Knox, M.P. Hon. Robert Bourke, Hon. and Rev. W. Talbot, Colonel Meyrick, H. W. Currie, Esq., J. Goodson, Esq., M.P., T. K. Holmes, Esq., C. E. Newcome, Esq., Henry Pownall, Esq., J.P., N. Winstanley, Esq., Captain Strode, Messrs. Sangster, Farquharson, Stewardson, Batchelor, Poole, Turner, C. L. Grunelsen, secretary, &c.

FRANKFORT-ON-THAINE.—Herr Beck played one night more than he at first intended. He was engaged for three performances only, but, owing to his success, he added another. He has now returned to Vienna, for the purpose of studying the part of Hans Sachs, in Herr Richard Wagner's new opera, *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg.*

HERR WAGNER'S NEW OPERA AT MUNICH.

(From the Correspondent of the Berlin "Echo.")

The production of Herr Richard Wagner's *Meistersinger* has attracted very large numbers of visitors, and furnished every one with a fruitful theme of conversation. Thank goodness, he calls his present work an "opera," a name which he appeared to have placed under a ban. He has thus given us the right of judging the work from an operatic point of view. *Die Meistersinger*, in fact, is not only an opera, but moreover a show opera, in which advantage is most cunningly taken of everything that can keep both ear and eye on the stretch, and prepare for them the most sudden surprises. Poor Meyerbeer! He was for ever being told in a tone of menace that all this was inartistic and unworthy of him, till abashed and confused, he opened up new ground in *Donizetti*, and got laughed at for introducing the goat! What is all the pomp in *Le Prophète*, which those who sat upon the judgment-seat judged with such stern moral indignation, compared to the mixtures of colours and costumes, and the optical illusions in the *Meistersinger*? But enough of outward show; we have a few words to say of the score. The centre of gravity in this is transferred from the stage of the singers to the orchestra; that the latter has been handled by Wagner with splendid effect is a fact which even his enemies must admit. How far, however, this transfer is justified—even by Wagner's own principles, which positively assert that musical declamation is the most important factor in works of this kind—others may understand, but we cannot do so in the slightest degree. When brass and wood are so lavishly employed, only some few valve-trumpets manage to make themselves audible in unison; no human beings are capable of achieving the same feat. Still the *Meistersinger* is a step in advance of *Tristan und Isolde*, because the cantabile style is not completely rejected from it, but is now and then met with, as is the case in *Lohengrin*, with which, fortunately, it has more resemblance than with aught else. With regard to the delineation of character, the female element is placed decidedly in the background, compared with the marked preponderance given to that element in Herr Wagner's other productions, and the two interesting figures of the Ritter Walther von Stolzing—in whom Herr Wagner appears musically to have photographed himself—and of the frank and hearty fellow, Hans Sachs, predominate over all the others. The Town-Clerk, however, is a perfect failure; he is not a comic character (O, shade of the Barber of Seville!), but a repulsive caricature. Were it possible to shorten the libretto, which is far too discursive for musical treatment, and, more especially, to omit the long didactic essay, interesting only to the students at a gymnasium, on the nature and requirements of the "*Meistersinger*," there would still remain enough to make the *Meistersinger* a stock-opera, provided there were a company sufficiently large, and sufficiently gifted with powers of endurance. Of such a company our Royal Operahouse could not boast, for the management was compelled to borrow a tenor (Ritter Stolzing) from Darmstadt, and a baritone (Hans Sachs) from Berlin.—The first two performances, under the direction of Herr von Bülow, went off splendidly. The care and exactitude with which the piece was got up extended even to the dumb show, and would certainly have left nothing to be desired, had not the exertions of the singers in the first two acts left unmistakable traces behind them. The orchestra was admirable, and reminded one of the delicate performances we are generally accustomed to hear in France alone. It afforded a proof that the masses, even when, partially, not entering heart and soul into a thing, can be forced by an energetic conductor into achieving a brilliant result.—On the first two evenings, all the places were not taken beforehand, it is true, but the theatre was filled with a brilliant audience, who applauded more especially the passages written in the old style—a fact which ought to be suggestive to the composer. The latter was frequently called for, and, as the King had given him a seat in his own box, it was but proper for his Majesty to give him his place in front, whenever he was called forward to bow his thanks. There were crowds of intendants and managers, from the various theatres of Germany, who had come to see and to reflect on the performance, and then to decide, according to the result, and the resources of their respective establishments, whether they could venture on this epoch-marking novelty, which has cost the Royal Operahouse here 50,000 florins.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

The programme drawn up by Signor Piatti for his concert at St James's Hall on Monday, was so marked a contrast with, and so great an improvement upon, most others with which we have recently had to make acquaintance, that we append it in full:—

PART I.			
Quartet, in D major, Op. 20, No. 4, for strings	Haydn.
Recit. and air, "Les Mousquetaires de la Reine"	Halevy.
Grand trio, in B flat, Op. 97, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello	Beethoven.
PART II.			
Adagio and Rondo, from Swiss Concerto, for violoncello...	Romberg.
Song, "Gretchen am Spinnrade"	Schubert.
Three pieces for pianoforte and violoncello	Rubinstein.
New Swedish National Songs	Rubinstein.
Carnaval, "Scènes Mignonnes," Op. 9, pianoforte...	Schumann.

Unfortunately this programme was lost upon the fashionable concert-going public, who were neither attracted by its solid contents nor by the eminent artists engaged. It is probable, therefore, that most of the comparatively small audience who rallied round Signor Piatti were habitual frequenters of the Monday Popular Concerts, glad to sit down to their favourite musical repast even though out of season. The opening quartet has been made familiar by Mr. Arthur Chappell, and we need do no more than record its almost perfect rendering by MM. Straus, L. Ries, Zerbin, and Piatti. We can hardly say so much of Beethoven's trio, for the very sufficient reason that Herr Rubinstein was at the piano, with all his immense capacity doubtless, but not less assuredly with all his ill-regulated passion. As a rule, Herr Rubinstein tantalizes, and to that rule made no exception on this occasion. After the first movement, passages in which he played splendidly, Beethoven might have felt tempted to embrace him, but at the close of the final *allegro*, the whole of which was grossly caricatured, it is very certain the master would have taken decided measures to show his indignation. The *scherzo* and the magnificent *andante* were anything but faultless as interpreted by the Wallachian pianist, but in the *finale* Herr Rubinstein was erratically explosive to such a degree that he dislocated the entire movement, and buried his playmates out of sight in the ruins. Not even the veneration due to a great master can prevent this artist from taking liberties with the choicest works. Upon the extracts from Romberg's "Swiss Concerto," and Signor Piatti's matchless playing, we commented after a recent Philharmonic concert. We go on, therefore, to glance at Herr Rubinstein's "Three Pieces," and only to glance, since there is nothing sufficiently remarkable about them to demand long notice. They appeared laboured, diffuse, and meaningless, but were played so beautifully by the composer and Signor Piatti, that a good deal of merely accidental interest was excited with regard to them. What can be said of the remarkable series of short pieces in which Schumann has attempted to describe carnival humours. If they be good music then is much generally accepted in that character really something very different, and its lovers have need to revolutionize their taste. But we take leave to look upon "Pierrot," "Harlequin," and the rest, as simply grotesque creations, got up to show that even the "divine art" can minister to mountebanks. Herr Rubinstein played some of them finely, and some the reverse, as is his wont. The singer was Mdlle. Enequist; the accompanist Mr. Benedict.—*Sunday Times*, July 5th.

Herr CARL STEPAN (Court-singer to the Grand-Duke of Baden) gave his first concert at the Hanover Square Rooms on the 26th ult. Unhappily, the audience suffered a serious disappointment through Herr Stepan's absence on the occasion; an absence made imperative—and more regrettable—by indisposition. It must be said, however, for the ladies and gentlemen engaged to assist the concert-giver, that they exerted themselves most strenuously to fill up the blank thus unexpectedly made in the programme, and not without success. Mdlle. Liebhart was recalled after Boscovitz's new song, "I waited till the twilight," and also after G. B. Allen's, "A little bird so sweetly singing;" Miss Edith Wynne sang Benedict's charming "Rock me to sleep;" Miss Fanny Holland gave the "Jewel Song" from *Faust*, and Mdlle. Drasdil "O mio Fernando," with almost equal acceptance. In addition, songs were sung by Miss Catherine Poyntz (who pleased everybody in Randegger's pleasing "Bird of Spring-time"), Miss Marie Stocken, Mdlle. Erna Steinhagen, Mr. Byron, and Mr. Alfred Hemming. The instrumental music was excellently rendered by Mdlle. Skiva, Miss Kate Gordon, Herr Ernst Pauer, and Herr Straus. Mr. G. B. Allen and Herr Boscovitz conducted.

Herr HAGEMEYER's sixth vocal and instrumental concert at the West London College afforded several well-trained and clever pupils an opportunity of exhibiting their progress. Miss and the Masters Benjamin, in a trio for piano, violin, and flute; and Miss and the Masters Clark, in a trio for piano, violin, and flageolet, reflected much credit on their instructor. Among the artists who assisted were Miss Marie Stocken, who gave a new song by Herr Hagemeyer, "The Alpine Horn," which the audience compelled her to repeat; Mr. Leonard Walker, who was encored in "Miei rampoli," and (with Miss Marie

Stocken) in the duet, "Dunque io son;" and Herr Hagemeyer, who was warmly applauded after a solo "thema and variations," composed by himself, for the clarinet. A word of encouragement must be awarded to two of the young students: Miss Amy Rushbrooke, a young pianist of ten years, and Miss Custance Vernon, who has a nice voice. The band of the institute played in capital style several pieces composed for them by Herr Hagemeyer.

MDLLE. EUGENIA MELA gave a private *soirée musicale* at 83, Gower Street, on the 29th ult., when she was assisted by several amateurs and professionals. Mdlle. Mela herself sang Traversi's "La Serenata," took part with Mdlle. Lancia and Mr. Mela in Verdi's *Terzetto* from *Lombardi*, and, with Miss Muir and chorus, in the *Misere* from *Il Trovatore*. Among the other artists who distinguished themselves were the Sisters Doria, Mdlle. Lancia, Madame Jagielska, Signori Mattei, Bevignani, Campanella, and Caravoglia. Madame Jaquinot and Signor Guglielmo were among the accompanists.

MISS EMILY TATE, a very young lady, announced as "the celebrated pianist, who had the honour to perform before her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales," gave a concert at the Hanover Square Rooms on the 26th ult. Miss Tate played, with an ability much beyond her years, Beethoven's *Rondo* in C, Benedict's *Romance sans paroles*, "Ecoutez moi aussi," Beethoven's sonata, Op. 49, Dussek's sonata "Il rivotato," some Russian melodies, and West's "God save the Queen" with variations. The youthful concert-giver was assisted by Miss Blanche Reeves, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Poyntz, Mdlle. Drasdil, Madame Rudersdorf (who sang Randegger's charming "Venetian Song"), Mr. Cummings, Mr. Lewis Thomas, Signor Foli, and Herr Fittig, whose Zither solo was encored. Signori Randegger and Bevignani conducted.

MR. MARSHALL W. BELL's morning concert (given at the Beethoven Rooms on the 27th ult.) was a very interesting affair. The programme was only a little too long, and its contents were of more than average merit. A few of the more important items may be instanced. As a beginning Beethoven's fantasia in G minor was played (and well played) by the concert-giver. Then the same gentleman, assisted by Mr. Lazarus, gave Schumann's *Fantasia-stück*; after which, assisted by W. H. Holmes, he very ably rendered Himmel's duet for two pianofortes. In the second part Mr. Bell's selections were of a lighter cast, as, for example, his own "Romance," Cipriani Potter's charming *Rondo* in C (too seldom heard), and Reinecke's *Impromptu* on a subject in Schumann's *Manfred*. These, however, scarcely less than their predecessors, served to show the performer's extensive command over the resources of his instrument. Mr. Bell was assisted by, in addition to Messrs. Lazarus and Holmes, Miss Henderson, Miss E. Forbes, Miss A. Jewell, and Mr. J. Cheshire. Mr. Walter Macfarren conducted.

SIGNOR TRAVENTI's *soirée musicale* took place at Willis's Rooms on the 5th ult. In the interesting programme drawn up for the occasion were two new songs by the concert-giver respectively entitled, "Il Menestrello" and "Oh! happy moments," the first was sung by Herr Wallenreiter, the second by Mdlle. Natalie Carola, and both gave great satisfaction to the audience. Other compositions by Signor Traversi, brought forward during the evening, were the ballad, "My love is come," sung by Mdlle. Liebhart; the *serenata*, "O del mio cor sovrana," sung by Mdlle. Mela; and a "Duetto-Valzer," to which the Sisters Doria did ample justice. In addition to the artists just named, Mdlle. Constance Skiva, Miss Holland, Miss Julia Elton, Mdlle. Sandrina, Miss Kathleen Ryan (who joined Signori Raimo, Branchi, and Mattei, in a quartet for two pianofortes), Miss Rose Hersee, Herr Ganz, M. Paque, Herr Reichardt, Signor Rendano, Signor Ciabatta, Signor Caravoglia, and Mr. John Thomas, took part in the concert. Signor Randegger was among the conductors.

MDLLE. ANNETTA ZULIANI's name was accidentally omitted from the list of vocalists who assisted at the concert given by the pupils of Willesden College, reported in last week's *Musical World*. Mdlle. Zuliani sang Donizetti's "Com'è bello" so much to the liking of the audience that they would gladly have heard it again.

MR. W. GANZ's annual morning concert, at St. George's Hall on Friday last, was fully and fashionably attended by his friends and pupils. Mr. Ganz's songs and pianoforte pieces being sung and played everywhere, it was inevitable that a selection of them should be given on the present occasion, and also that they should be received with great favour. The concert opened with Beethoven's quartet from *Fidelio*, "Il cor e la mia fa," well sung by Mdlles. Clara and Rosamunde Doria, Herren Reichardt and Wallenreiter. The ladies just named also sang their father's clever duet, "The Fay of the Woods," which proved one of the gems of the concert. Mr. Ganz played Beethoven's sonata in C sharp minor, his own transcription of "When we went a-gleaning," and "Santa Lucia," and (with Mr. F. H. Cowen) Benedict's fantasia from *Der Freischütz*, displaying in all much taste and skill.

Miss Katherine Poyntz gave, with unaffected expression, Dussek's "Name the glad day;" Miss Banks sang the concert-giver's "Faithful Echo;" and Madame Patey-Whytock his charming "Forget me not"—both encoired; Mdle. Enquist gave the "Nightingale's Trill," with her usual effect; and Mdle. Liebhart, being encoired in "Love hailed a little Maid," substituted "Oh! dear, what can the matter be," which she sang so well that she was again re-called. The same artist was equally successful in G. B. Allen's "Little Bird." Mr. George Perren, in Ganz's "When wilt thou be my bride?" pleased all present; as did Mdle. Mela in an Italian version of "I seek for thee in every flower;" and Miss Fanny Holland in Schira's duet (with Signor Ciabatta), and the same composer's *rêverie*, entitled "Sognai," (with violoncello and harp *obligato*, well played by Messrs. Paque and Oberthür). Signor Gardoni sang one or two solos in his usual highly-finished style, and Herr Reichardt gave his new ballad, "Love me, beloved," with much taste. Miss Arabella Smyth also pleased the audience in Sullivan's pretty song from *The Contrabandista*. We must not omit to mention that Mr. Sullivan's new song, "Oh! sweet and fair," was given by Madame Sainton-Dolby, and that M. Sainton played a violin solo. Messrs. Benedict, Randegger, Berger, and W. Ganz accompanied.—B. B.

Miss FANNY HOLLAND, pupil of Dr. Wylde's Academy of Music, and one of the most hopeful and accomplished of rising sopranos, gave an excellent concert on Wednesday, which was well attended by her friends and patrons. The programme opened with Beethoven's trio, Op. 1, well played by Messrs. Ganz, Risegari, and Paque. Miss Holland sang Schira's *rêverie*, "Sognai," with *obligato* accompaniment (violin-cello and harp), played by Messrs. Paque and Oberthür. She was much applauded in this, and obtained encores for both Ganz's "Forget-me-not" and the "Jewel Song" from *Faust*. Miss Holland also joined Madame Julie Baum in "Sull' aria." Miss Sophia Vinta sang "O luce di quest' anima" so well as to gain an encore; she also gave a song, "The Legend of the Rose," in excellent style. Miss Edith Wynne in her Welsh melodies and "Auld Robin Gray," and Madame Sauerbrey in Benedict's "By the sad sea waves," gratified the audience to a high degree. Signor Gardoni was encoired in the romance, "L'Impossible," and Mr. Alfred Hemming, in Ascher's "Alice, where art thou?" was heard with pleasure. Signor Risegari, the young Italian violinist, also appeared, and played, in excellent style, Beethoven's *Romanza* in F. Herr Oberthür in his harp solo, "La Cascade," and in a *duo concertante*, for harp and concertina, on airs from *Oberon* (with Signor Giulio Regondi), made a great impression. Miss Kate Roberts gave Benedict's fantasia on "Where the bee sucks," and was loudly applauded for her excellent playing, and Signor T. Mattei played a solo which was encoired. Messrs. Ganz and Li Calai accompanied.—B. B.

MDLE. THERESA LIEBE, a very young lady who has made a deserved impression by her skill as a violinist, gave a concert at the Beethoven Rooms, on Wednesday, assisted by Mdle. Liebhart, Fraulein Valesca von Facins, Madame Sauerbrey, Mdle. Constance Skiva, M. Jules Lefort, M. Paque, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Signor Garcia, and Herr Sauerbrey. The young *bénéficiaire*, who has a very sweet, if not very powerful tone, as well as good execution and much expression, first played a solo on themes from *Il Trovatore*, next joined M. Paque and Herr Sauerbrey in Beethoven's trio, Op. 11, and concluded her labours in the first part with Alard's "Valse Espagnole" (specially well given), and Gordigniani's "Prière à la Madone." She afterwards played the *obligato* to Braga's "O quali mi risvegliano" (sung by Madame Sauerbrey), and joined Mr. G. B. Allen and Herr Engel in Gounod's "Meditation" on *Faust*, in all showing herself to be a young artist of whom the musical public may confidently expect much. All the other items in the programme were well given, especially the serenade from *Don Giovanni*, arranged for the harmonium, and played on that instrument by Herr Louis Engel.

HERR LOUIS ENGEL'S MORNING CONCERT.—A short time ago we had an opportunity of drawing the attention of the public to the great effect which may be produced on the harmonium when played by a master like Mr. Engel. The numerous and eminently fashionable audience which assembled in Portman Square on Friday last to listen to the performance which Mr. Engel had provided is a new proof of the esteem in which he is held by his numerous patrons. Mr. Engel, in addition to several *moreaux d'ensemble*, played his ever welcome *Faust* fantasia, and in the second part the serenade from *Don Giovanni* with the most wonderful effect, by producing the *pizzicato* accompaniment at the same time as the melody, and his deservedly popular variations on "Home, sweet Home," which were rapturously encoired. Mr. Engel was supported by a host of artists, all of whom had their share in this most successful concert, but Mdle. Christine Nilsson took the lion's share with Herr Engel's *valse*, "La Rosa," a duet with Signor Gardoni, and her unexceptional performance of the mad scene of *Lucia*, in which she may fairly claim to have surpassed all her great predecessors. Great applause was bestowed on Mr. Kuhe's performance of a charming little salon piece; Signor Gardoni's rendering of Mr. Engel's, "The time is

come," and M. Jules Lefort's excellent version of Mr. Engel's Italian romance, "Fidele io t'amo," being both encoired. To complete the excellence of the programme, the celebrated leader of Her Majesty's band, Signor Arditi, and Signor Bevigiani were the conductors. The very aristocratic audience seemed highly pleased, though they were densely crowded, and many were the congratulations addressed to Mr. Engel on the brilliant entertainment he had provided.—*Morning Post*.

THE RUBINSTEIN RECITALS.

Herr Antoine Rubinstein has given a series of three recitals at the Hanover Square Rooms, in the course of which he has emphatically proved himself one of the most marvellous and at the same time one of the most provokingly unequal pianists of the day. We cannot agree with this gentleman's exaggerated readings of the sonatas of Beethoven, from which he selected the C minor, Op. 111, the D minor, Op. 31, and the E major, Op. 109—the middle one of which, in our opinion, he played best, because with least pretension; nor can we approve the manner in which he renders many parts of Mendelssohn's *Variations Serieuses*, or any part of the same composer's *Presto Scherzando* in F sharp minor. What satisfied us most entirely was Herr Rubinstein's performances of his own compositions (without caring greatly for the compositions), of Schumann's *Etudes Symphoniques* and *Carnaval*, or *Scenes Mignonnes*—which last, in many instances, were astonishing (as, for example, the variations in full chords belonging to the *Etudes*), of one or two of the graceful *Nocturnes* by John Field, and of Mozart's exquisitely beautiful *Rondo* in A minor. In the *Nocturnes* of Field and the *Rondo* of Mozart the Wallachian pianist subdued his impetuosity in such a manner as to delight all lovers of genuine music and unaffected playing. This was not so, however, with the B minor *scherzo* of Chopin, which was taken at so rapid a pace as to be scarcely intelligible, nor with the examples severally taken from Scarlatti, J. S. Bach, and Handel. In the music of Liszt, as in his own "transcriptions," for piano, of the overture to *Egmont* and the Wedding March from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Herr Rubinstein is, of course, quite at ease; and, though we greatly prefer hearing both the overture and the march played, as they were intended, by an orchestra, we cannot be blind (or deaf) to the tremendous power he brings to their execution. Herr Rubinstein is at once (except Liszt) the loudest and (except Chopin) the softest player we ever heard. He has both extremes at ready command, and as often abuses as he makes fair use of either. He can play with extraordinary rapidity, as well as with extraordinary force; but he can also overdo sentiment until it becomes monotonous and tiresome—as an instance of which we may cite his performance of a small piece (either a *Moment Musical*, or on *Impromptu*) by Schubert. In a flat, the simplest matter in the world, but which Herr Rubinstein made so much of as almost to smother it in his excessive tenderness. That Herr Rubinstein is exceptionally gifted cannot be questioned; his memory is wonderful, and his mechanism, if not exactly irreproachable, is prodigious; but that he always, or even generally, makes the best use of his gifts, we cannot think. It would be well if it were otherwise; for in that case we should have one great artist the more; while, as it is, we have merely one to add to the growing list of executants who, instead of ministering to art, force art to minister to them. The result is not legitimate; and all who have the ability should at the same time have the frankness to say as much, in the name of art, and for the love of it.

In Irish Wedding.

DEAR EDITOR.—No doubt you will be surprised at receiving a letter from me, but I know you will be pleased to hear that the celebrated musical amateur, Miss C. St. Leger Chinnery, was married on Saturday last, the 4th of July, to John S. Temperton, Esq., of Osborne House, Broughton, Manchester. The marriage ceremony took place at St. Ann's, Shandon, and was performed by Dr. O'Brian, assisted by the Rev. D. Montgomery St. George, Rector of the Parish. The bridesmaids were Miss Frances St. Leger Chinnery and Miss Leger Chinnery, came, with Mrs. St. Leger, from London for this interesting occasion. On the bride and bridegroom leaving for Killarney a shower of old shoes followed them for good luck. The bridal guests went then to Blarney Castle. The day was beautifully fine, and the bridal party most joyous. The day was finished, at Mrs. St. Leger Chinnery's house, with music and dancing, to the playing of the celebrated piper O'Sullivan, and Irish reels and jigs were danced, in which the dancing of Mr. and the Misses Chinnery, and Miss Lloyd, and Captain O'Brian was most conspicuous. In short, dear Editor, this was the jolliest day I ever passed.—Your old friend,
IL FANTICO PER LA MUSICA.
Royal Hotel, Cork, July 10th, 1868.

CRYSTAL PALACE FETE.

We abridge the following from a most remarkable description of Sir Robert Napier's reception at the Crystal Palace, which appeared in the columns of a morning contemporary :—

"Sir Robert arrived at the Palace at half-past one, where he was received by Messrs. Ionides, Horsley, Bicknell, and Standing, directors; and Mr. Bowley, the general manager. Shortly after his arrival the General took his place in the balcony overlooking the grounds, where his appearance was the signal for loud and enthusiastic cheering, while as accompaniment to the oft-repeated plaudits the fine band of the Royal Artillery, under Mr. Smythe, burst forth with the thoroughly appropriate air of 'See the Conquering Hero comes,' following it up with 'The British Grenadiers,' and 'Home, sweet Home.' Most aptly chosen airs; but the music of the day was the hearty cheering that succeeded again and again.

"But, under the impression that Englishmen like a solid welcome, the soldiers were marched off to the Terrace dining room for refreshments, while Sir Robert and his friends partook of the elegantly arranged cold collation spread by Messrs. Bertram and Roberts. On the occasion of the Royal visit a few days back the *menu* had a Parisian tone; but upon this occasion, though not less appetizing, the *déjeuner* was thoroughly English, as being probably considered more appropriate to the man so lately acquainted with the stern realities of campaigning."

The reporter then gives the bill of fare, which we mercifully omit. Presently he goes on to describe the Royal box thus :—

"Above and around the Royal box were flags of all nations, singly and in trophies, while in a semicircle, far above, were the words, 'Welcome, Napier,' and on either side figures of Victory, bearing gilt wreaths and palms. The interior of the Royal box and the charming conservatory-like antechamber remained the same as upon the late visit—a cool fragrant spot that might have been the day haunt of the elves of fairy-land, with its plashing musical fountains, grotto-like niches, and softened view of Loch Katherine. The graceful statue of Night, too, remains screened by its crystal veil, the place being altogether a nook where a warrior fresh from the burning shores of Africa might gladly rest."

From this retreat the Abyssinian hero at length emerged (imagine the effort with the thermometer at 100 degrees or thereabouts), and here is how he was received :—

"Sir Robert entered the Royal box, to be greeted by a burst of applause that, like the jubilant music, increased to a mighty roar which shook the building, vibrating along the nave, and raised again and again. Bowing repeatedly, the General responded to the welcome till it seemed that the concert would hardly be able to proceed; but by degrees the plaudits died away, and the quiet, gentlemanly, but soldierly General took his seat."

Without stopping to enquire what was "raised again and again," or how the General's bowing stopped the concert, we let the writer take us to the concert itself. His musical reporting opens magnificently :—

"But music has always been largely introduced in ovations to warriors, and we were not wanting in that respect; for taking advantage of the lull, Mr. Mann's bâton then descended."

Whether the programme resulted from the descent of Mr. Mann's bâton is fair matter for discussion, but we waive the privilege in favour of the following criticism :—

"Of course, the song of the day was Benedict's 'England Yet,' into which Mr. Sims Reeves threw the whole power of his apparently everlasting tenor voice, and when he came to the name of 'Napier' the audience rose *en masse*, and the cheering was most enthusiastic, there being the attractions, at either end of the transept, of the Abyssinian hero, and the sweet singer who had so touched the fibres of their hearts that they thrilled again and again.

"It is hard to make selections where there was so much excellence. There was evidently a desire on the part of the singers to excel, for even Mr. Sims Reeves submitted to an encore in 'England Yet,' and came back upon the platform to bow his acknowledgments twice after giving 'The death of Nelson,' one of his most effective songs. As to the orchestra, it is only necessary to say that the splendid band of the Crystal Palace was augmented by the addition of that of the Coldstream Guards, under Mr. F. Godfrey, and that of the Royal Artillery, to the number of eighty; Mr. Manns, as usual, directing the enormous orchestra as if it were composed of but one man.

Après of "England Yet" and Mr. Sims Reeves's singing thereof (which was simply splendid), another contemporary remarks :—

"The great feature of the afternoon, however, was a new ballad, composed in honour of Sir Robert Napier, by Mr. Benedict, called 'Eng-

land Yet,' and which was exquisitely sung by Mr. Sims Reeves. The air is a very pleasing one, and the great tenor, who was in fine voice, threw all his power into his rendering of it, gaining a tumultuous encore, which he was obliged to comply with."

After recording Sir Robert's departure and picturing "30,000 representatives of the people of Great Britain" cheering like one, our (first) reporter bewails the difficulty with which refreshments were obtained, and then relaxes into good humour with the coming of the fireworks. His description of the latter, like '20 port, "needs no bush," and we allow it to speak for itself :—

"The military bands lent the harmony of their strains; and apparently satisfied with the genial reception they had given to Sir Robert Napier, the visitors enjoyed themselves till amidst the buzz of exultation came the signal for the first rockets; when, as in the days of Vauxhall and the Surrey Gardens, when people were lost in admiration of the *feu de joie* far less brilliant of hue than those we are treated to at the Crystal Palace, there was that universal burst of admiration, and the ejaculation, 'Oh, oh-h-h!' pitched in various keys, but blending into an inharmonious whole. It is almost superfluous to say that the fireworks were magnificent, for if asserted that they were the very reverse the public would be sceptical to a man, woman, and child. New designs are introduced at every fête, and short as the time has been the managers were prepared. The magnesium balloons again bore aloft their vivid stars, though certainly not the least beauty of that part of the display are the wreaths of oxidized vapour hanging in the air, and displayed as if of snowy whiteness by the brilliant light. Rockets innumerable, and divers strangely named pyrotechnical engines, all noise, whizz, and bursts of stars, of every conceivable colour, filling the air with an eruption as if all the illumination lamps of old had been 'cleaned, dyed, and altered,' to float in chromatic clusters throughout the evening air. Then a crash and a crackling, and forth into silver light burst one of the chief devices of the evening, showing the words 'Napier and his brave men,' a design received with cheer after cheer. Again the eyeballs aching with the brilliancy of the stars floating gently over, after rushing up heavenward to an incredible height; and then the next design was fired, taking most of the spectators by surprise as they looked upon the brilliant words, 'Welcome, Princess;' but the Prince of Wales's feather in the centre formed the key; the mind turned to Marlborough House; and, doubtless, even in the midst of the excitement of the scene, there were those who could give a thought to the gentle mother who graced the grand reception but last Saturday. The eye has no rest in the display at the Palace, for soon came the battle between fire and water, as to which should display most beauty, as once more the fountains foamed up and displayed their silvery sheen in the illuminating light around, to turn soon to rose, blue, green, rainbow-hued, till the sense of sight became almost satiated with the beauty of the display, when, in conclusion, and after the startling advent of the fiery comets, came the mighty salute of rockets to announce the reception day of Sir Robert Napier as an accomplished fact."

We are glad to say 27,030 persons were present, all of whom are likely to store up our contemporary's description as a vivid memento of the scene.

HANDEL v. OFFENBACH.

(From "Punch.")

"Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess Louis of Hesse were present during the second part of the performance of *Israel in Egypt*. It is to be regretted that, with this exception, the Handel Festival was not honoured by the presence of any of the members of the Royal Family."

—Morning Paper.

"The first performance of *La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein* was honoured with the presence of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess Louis of Hesse, H.R.H. the Crown Prince of Denmark, H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, H.R.H. the Prince of Teck, &c., &c., &c. The house was sparkling with the presence of royalty and nobility."

—Morning Paper.

Chacun à son goût, eh, M. Offenbach?

Miss Minnie A. Hauck, a young singer from the Italian Opera, New York, has been in London for a short time, *en route* for Italy, where she will make her *début* in the course of the winter. She will return to London next year, and remain during the season. Miss Minnie Hauck was present at a performance of *Romeo e Giulietta* at the Royal Italian Opera-house a few evenings since, and expressed herself perfectly enchanted with Mdle. Adeline Patti.

WAYSIDE WHITTINGS IN KENT.

Should this heading meet the eye of Samuel Weller, Esq., senior, the "fat boy," or any gentleman of parallel peculiarities, he is courteously requested to well mark the orthography before jumping at conclusions suggested by a *viva voce* perusal. The title is simply intended to convey the idea of Old Father Time's incessant and unwearied chippings at us animo-vegetal cumberers of the world's roadside, and possibly our retaliatory hackings and choppings with intent to kill the ancient father himself. Here, in agreement with most modern instances, all connection between title and theme will probably cease. The term "Garden of England" by a "Kentish Man," or a "Man of Kent," is understood to specially particularize his own native county. It was his father's custom, and so it shall be his'n, to regard it as such, and his belief is proof against the most subtle reasoning *ex parte alteram*. Albeit, this, the south-eastern corner of our little sea-girt fatherland, has many claims on the kindly consideration of all true Englishmen. Here flourish, side by side, the prickly beard of John Barleycorn and the graceful bines of his lupuline kinsman, Golden Hop. Encircling both are seen broad, smiling pastures and cool woodlands. Green swarded parts, too, with their treasures of grand old trees—beneath whose grateful shade the fallow-deer avoids the mid-day sun—stretch hither and thither in calm and majestic beauty. Fit boundary of the whole is the restless sea, for ever lapping and sapping the white chalk cliffs, which, breaking off abruptly at the South Foreland, re-appear lubus at Calais half shorn of their proportions and their interest. The *chef-lieu* of Kent was formerly allowed to be Canterbury, but the fact of the hop trade centering closer and closer around Maidstone has rendered the latter more commercially important than the old historic city, and it is now generally considered the county town. Among other privileges once enjoyed by Maidstone it could reckon that of being quite a little *école militaire* of the East Indian Army. As a training-school of arms—and legs, too, for that matter—the old "cavalry dépôt" ranked high. But we are speaking of things that were; the school exists no longer, and the fair maids of Maidstone have, probably, all but forgotten the brilliant uniforms (and their contents) of that epoch, in the transfer of their true and constant loves to the broad shouldered, yellow gimped tunics of the artillerymen now serving as garrison. *Revenons donc aux choses qui se passent*. To-day, of many favours, it is Maidstone's boast to be a very *serre-chaud* of benefit and friendly societies. And *apropos des bottles*—

'Tis now the witching time of fates,

When clubs do walk and hosts are off their heads.

Yesterday a suburban Court of Foresters ranged the highways and byways of Tovil. Good Friar Tuck not a whit older, and Fair Marian not a little less fair than of yore, assisting with their material presence. As I write, the united strains of three or four military bands announce the approach of the "Amalgamated Hunger and Thirsts" and "The Hearts of Flint," followed by the "Fireside Deserters." On come, at a dry heat of 120 degrees, the jovial brothers.

Radiant and rather high-coloured pictures of mundane felicity are their faces; their minds being doubtless in frames to match; rotund their waists, dignified withal is their demeanour, much enhanced by slow, measured inspirations and expirations from the tubes of churchwardens. This proceeding is doubtless intended as a typification of the clay-like affinities of man. Owing, probably, to the somewhat bad conditions of the road, the brothers' gait cannot be considered a perfect style of walking. The sultry nature of the day, too, makes many stragglers. It was satisfactory, however, to learn on enquiry that these laggards, albeit behind on the line of march, were among the foremost in the forlorn hope of ever appeasing their craving stomachs at the dinner-table.

By this time the fraternities have dragged their slow length along, and away towards Vintner's Park. This noble enclosure, through the liberality of its much-esteemed proprietor, J. Whatman, Esq., M.P., is ever at the disposal of the public. Thither would your whittler fain repair, but well he knoweth the vanities and vexations attending a visit to an English fête. A few examples and he hath done, viz.:—The vanity of discussing a bottle of iced champagne with your fair partner of the last quadrille, to have her suddenly claimed, and carried off by stern *padre suo*, just as your expansive heart begins to pulsate as you fondly think it never beat before. The vanity of thinking to recoup yourself at three shies a penny. The vexation of being obliged to salute, *selon la formule*, any lady who may drop you the handkerchief in the delightful game of "Kiss in the Ring." The vanity of asking for a good glass of ale, and expecting to get it. The vanity of hoping it may agree with you. The vanity of trying to escape the presence of your fat county cousins, Georgina and Henrietta, whom you promised to escort hither when on your last visit to the farm.

These remembrances and reflections made, the whittler craves leave to cut short his tale.

King Street, Maidstone.

W. A. P.

WAIFS.

HORACE MATHEW'S PRE-ANTEPENULTIMATE, ANTEPENULTIMATE, PENULTIMATE, AND ULTIMATE:—

DANCE FOR MILKMEN.—The Cancan.

ABSD OMISSION.—Somebody not singing the charming new ballad "Oh Fond Dove," at Mr. Cooney's Concert last Tuesday. (The name was printed Kuhe in the advertisements.)—*Printer's Devil*.

THE HAZARD OF THE DYE.—A lady going to Madame Rachel to be made beautiful for ever is in Richard the Third's position of standing "the hazard of the Dye."

MEN WERE DECEIVERS EVER.—*First Counter Tenor*. "Scratchy, I think your wife's waiting for you at our Entrance." *Second Counter Tenor*. "Oh then, let's go out at the Bass Door!"

We read in the *Athenaeum* of July 4th as subjoined:—

"After thirty-four years of connection with the musical department of this journal, Mr. Henry F. Chorley finds the state of his health such as to make rest and leisure desirable. He retires from the active service of our readers with the respect and goodwill of all his fellow workers, and who may expect, moreover, to have the occasional advantage of his signed correspondence on topics of musical interest."

The following is taken from an American paper:—

"The little Swiss city of Freiburg has the largest organ in the world. Its builder was a poor man named Aloys Morer, who devoted his life to its construction. Without assistance or suggestion from others, he persevered for years, in defiance of opposition, poverty, and ridicule, until his task and his life were ended. This organ stands among all similar works like Mont Blanc among the mountains. It has seven thousand eight hundred pipes, and when in full play sends forth a tempest of sounds which all the musical bands in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia combined could not equal. The extraordinary power, variety, and harmony of this unique instrument are thus graphically described by Dr. Marsh. When skilful fingers touch the keys the mighty instrument responds with myriad voices, ranging through infinite variations in sweetness, and compass, and power. Now it pours forth the heart-breaking notes of the 'Miserere' with a voice so piteous and human that it would seem as if a lost soul were imprisoned and wailing in its wilderness of pipes; now it rolls up the jubilant thunders of the 'Hallelujah Chorus,' in such mighty volume that the entranced listener forgets the earthly temple and the work of human hands, and imagines himself surrounded with the trumpets and voices of heaven and numbers without number. Now it sounds the war note wild and high, mingled with the tramp of hosts and the battle hymns of men that march as they sing; now it warbles 'Sweet Home,' with a silvery accompaniment of singing-birds and murmuring brooks and rustling foliage around the peasant's door. Now it chants the unearthly strains of cloistered monks, interwoven with echoes that creep along corridors of stone and climb the sepulchral arches of the cathedral's long drawn aisles; and then again it bursts forth with such a tempest of sound as shakes the hill when storms are abroad on the Alps, and thunders leap from cloud to cloud." This is too affecting. When next we visit Switzerland we shall give Freiburg a wide berth.

A recent topic of conversation in Paris has been the loss of Tita, the favourite bitch of Marie Roze, of the Opéra Comique. Marie offered 50 francs reward. "50 francs!" exclaimed a poetaster, "what is that to the chance of seeing Marie Roze herself?"—upon which, incontinent, he improvised the following madrigal:—

"Cinquante francs de récompense
Pour Tita perdue—un trésor!
Mademoiselle, moi je pense
A certain chien qui parlait d'or.
Sur le collier, près de l'adresse,
On lisait: 'Qui me trouvera
Me ramène chez ma maîtresse,
Pour récompense—il la verra.'"

The madrigal is good. Let some one (say Mr. Molloy) set it to music, and offer it to Messrs. Boosey and Sons for publication.

"Mdlle. Nilsson" says an American paper, "recently declined an invitation to sing at Marlborough House, the residence of the Prince of Wales, begging his Royal Highness to excuse her, as she was engaged to dine with the Baroness Rothschild. The *diva* kept her promise to the Baroness under the somewhat trying circumstances, and a magnificent bracelet *de plus* adorned her fair arm at parting." [Mdlle. Nilsson did nothing of the kind; the Prince of Wales did nothing of the kind; and the Baroness Rothschild did nothing of the kind.—A. S. S.]

Herr Oberthur's Mass in B flat (*soli* voices, chorus, and organ) will be given at the Oratory, Brompton, on Sunday (to-morrow) morning, at 11 o'clock.

The intense heat that has prevailed during the past fortnight must surely have caused managerial attention to be directed to the very bad quality and insufficient supply of the air in all London theatres. It appears, says our *Æsculapian* contemporary, the *Lancet*, that in the matter of ventilation, as of acoustics, the architects of the present day are

either utterly careless or profoundly ignorant. Five theatres have been built or rebuilt in London during the past twelve years, and it is evident from the thermal condition of their interiors during the hours of performance that very little improvement has lately taken place as to theatrical arrangements for ventilation. It is a fact that "Old Drury" is the coolest as well as the oldest metropolitan theatre; but this circumstance is due to the immense depth and width of space behind the curtain, from which currents of air proceed that frequently render the stalls untenable by any but cloaked enthusiasts of the drama, and the ardour of opera-goers must be somewhat chilled by the somewhat violent zephyrs that play around them on windy nights. The evils that affect play-goers are patent to all that can be classed under that category; but it is as well to remind them that those who work behind the footlights for their amusement and edification are even worse off than the public. Soprano, first lady, tenor, and ballet-girl can each and all give unhappy experiences on this head; and it is not too much to assert that many a good voice has been prematurely crippled by superlative carelessness as to draughts behind the scenes. Many diseases are far more easily prevented than cured, and notably those of the respiratory organs. It is a duty to the public to point out that such diseases are but too often engendered in badly ventilated places of public resort; and the managers of theatres are bound, in catering for the amusement of the public, to provide for that public such accommodation as shall not be antagonistic to the known laws of sanitary science.

Speaking of Herr Ernst Lubeck's performance of Mendelssohn's pianoforte concerto, in D minor, at the last Philharmonic Concert, the *Morning Post* (July 7) says:—"Herr Lubeck, in attempting Mendelssohn's very difficult second concerto, over-estimated his powers. Seldom has so generally indifferent an interpretation of a well-known work been offered to an audience like that of the Philharmonic Society, accustomed to the best of the best. Herr Lubeck neither plays the notes with undeviating accuracy, nor gives the proper reading of the music. At least such was the opinion derived from his performance of last night." The *Daily Telegraph* in its notice of the same concert, and *apropos* of the same performance:—"Nor would more than the merest reference to Mendelssohn's D minor concerto be necessary, were it not that it was so very indifferently played by Herr Lubeck. We have seldom heard more mistakes made in any public performance of a great work." Who shall decide when doctors disagree? Wait till the director of the Musical Union hath spoken.

Mdlle. Pauline Luca, as in a former year, has fled precipitately to Berlin, and, as far as in her lay, has disconcerted the arrangements of her London manager. *Hinc illic lachrymæ*. Hence the engagement of that not over prepossessing "first lady," Madame Rey-Balla.

Mr. Charles Hallé is to play Beethoven's concerto in G, at the "complementary" and complementary concert in St. James's Hall.

Mr. T. M. Mudie has returned from Twickenham, much refreshed by his long slumber in the meadows by the river side. It is reported that he dreamed a symphony, which not being able to remember on awakening, he made no attempt to put upon paper. So much the worse for lovers of symphonies in the actual dearth of the same.

The learned musical critic of the *Sunday Times*, when oysters are out of season, if rumour may be credited, nourishes himself chiefly on the outer husks of corn. Let foreign invaders were him in the time of no oysters.

"An Amateur" writes to us—"Ubi Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan's promised second symphony?" An Irish echo answers for us, "in nubibus."

The total receipts of the French Society of Authors, Composers, and Publishers of Music for 1867-8 amounted to £15,376, or an increase of £3 5s. on the preceding year.

The last representation of *Le Premier Jour de Bonheur* was a brilliant success. Every seat was filled, and all the principal artists received ovations. The opera will be brought forward again in September.

La France Musicale says that thirty-seven theatres have arranged to present *Le Premier Jour* during the coming winter.

We take the following genial little article from the *Morning Star*.

"Give me the making of a people's ballads, and let who will make their laws," said the sage. One who 'made ballads' for a people who are perhaps as impressionable and as open to their influence as any in the world—the Irish—has just gone to his rest, at a good old age. Samuel Lover died on Monday last, at Jersey, whither he had retired about a year ago. He had resided for some years in London; then he moved to the lovely neighbourhood of Sevenoaks, but he could not shake off a troublesome illness that hung about him; he fancied that sea air was necessary for his revivification, and he finally settled down in the beautiful island where he breathed his last. Mr. Lover was the son of an Irish gentleman of position, and was educated as an artist, choosing the portrait-painting branch of his art at the outset of his career, and contributing frequently to the exhibitions of the Irish Academy. He

painted during the whole of his life, and was proud of sketching to the last; but it is as a ballad-writer that he will be best remembered. He fitted his exquisite little simple airs with the prettiest words, and wove the fairy legends of his country into the most charming lyrics, which he would himself sing to the piano, in a small, chirping voice, indeed, but with intense expression; and which were to be speedily ground on all the barrel organs throughout the country. Stunned with the pestilential blackguardism of "Not for Joe" and "The Chickaleary Cove," we sigh for the days when our tears were evoked by the "Four-leaved Shamrock" and "The Angel's Whisper," and our hearty, healthy laughter raised by "Molly Bawn," and the "Low-backed Car." Mr. Lover wrote novels, too—"Handy Andy," "Rory O'More," &c., which were popular here and had an enormous success in America, and edited a collection of Irish lyrical poems. Some ten years ago his friends bestirred themselves and obtained for him a pension of £100 a year from the civil list. He was in his seventieth year at the time of his death, and almost to the last retained the bright, kindly geniality which had distinguished him through life.

Mdlle. Sonneri (late of the Covent Garden Opera), is re-engaged for the next season at Madrid, with Signor and Madame Tiberini.

Madame Barbot, well known to the St. Petersburg opera-goers, is engaged for the Appollo Theatre at Rome.

The revival of M. F. David's *Herculeum* at the Paris opera has been very successful.

There is talk of a new operetta, in two acts, to be written by M. Offenbach for the Variétés. The principal part is already assigned to Madame Schneider.

M. Merelli begins the opera season at Moscow, on September 20th, with the following artists:—Artot, Ferucci, Benati, Honaré, Trebelli-Bettini, Stagno, Piazzi, Padilla, Bossi, and Finocchi. M. Merelli will open the Warsaw Theatre with the same company on January 8th.

M. Antoine Rubinstein has left England for Odessa.

WIESBADEN.—The first concert this season in the Curhaus took place on the 26th ult. It commenced with the grand "Leonore Overture" which was, on the whole, played with brilliancy and precision. A certain Herr Friemann "Chamber Virtuoso to the Grand-Duke of Hesse, from Paris," as he was designated in the bills, executed the first movement of a Concerto in D, by Krentzer, with considerable delicacy and feeling. Herr Walter, from Vienna, sang Raoul's romance from *Les Huguenots*. Madame Kastner-Escudier played a fantasia by Liszt upon *Faust*, and Mdlle. von Edelsberg sang the air from *Titus*. This concluded the first part. The second part of the programme consisted exclusively of drawing-room instrumental pieces and songs.—Mdlle. Löffler, from Berlin, has been singing with success in *Der Freischütz*, *Il Barbiere*, *Le Prophète*.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.—"Whispering Sylphs," piece for the piano, by Paul Semler.
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